A MODERN KNIGHT OF THE CROSS

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Affectionately,
Will S. Peacock.

A Modern Knight of the Cross

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF

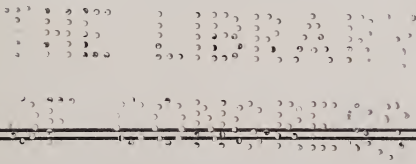
WILLIAM STOCKTON HEACOCK

COMPILED BY

HIS PARENTS AND SISTER

"*Let no man despise thy youth.*"—1 TIM. 4: 12

"*Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.*"—2 TIM. 2: 3



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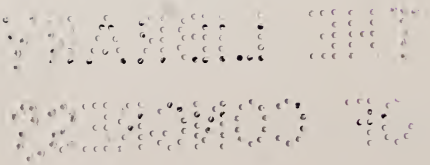

PREFACE

O just and faithful knight of God
Ride on, the prize is near—
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

—TENNYSON.

THE following pages contain the simple narrative of conflict, endurance, victory. Like one of old, this knight could say: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." The story of his life-struggle is told by extracts from his varied writings. Beginning at the age of seven, he kept an almost continuous diary until the close of his life, when nearly twenty-two. From the time his health began to fail, at seventeen, he spent much of the many weary months and years of absence from home, among strangers, amid adverse surroundings, in hope of recovery. During all this time his pen was busy with messages

to the dear ones at home, correspondence for the press, and notes on his private studies. Lacking the helpful Christian companionship, so constantly craved, he found an outlet for his pent-up thoughts in long and frequent letters home. In these, his ready pen gives expression to all phases of his experience, battle with disease, mental and spiritual conflicts, feelings of loneliness and depression, as well as the shout of joy and triumph.

Though surrounded from childhood by Christian influences, powerful adverse associations at times threatened to destroy his religious convictions. But kindly direction and firm control held him under proper self-restraint until the period of reflection and deeper research after truth anchored him to the Rock of Ages.

He planned and worked, hoped and prayed, as though threescore years were to be his, but faced the contingencies of life as though all might soon end. His fervent desire to be useful, and sincere devotion to his Master, intensified his efforts to regain his health.

However, obedience to the Divine will was implicit and unquestioned. His profound conviction that God had special work for him to do, and that his varied experiences were but preparing him for such service, led his friends to believe that they were following providential leadings in thus perpetuating his influence through his writings.

In his last days—shortly before his departure—when making his last bequests, he gave his sister his diaries and note-books to destroy, or keep as precious mementos, and do with them as she pleased. The veil is lifted from his inner life simply that his experiences may be helpful to others.

That this volume may prove a blessing, and an inspiration to a deeper spiritual life to all who may read its pages, is the earnest wish and prayer of its compilers.

San Francisco, California, 1901.

INTRODUCTION

All the world loves a child. It is not only beautiful and fresh, but also wide-visioned. It sees the unseen. The child-world is peopled with genii, elves, kobolds and fairies. The child lives among them, and is not afraid.

This vision of the unseen makes youth easily religious. This does not narrow, but inestimably widens life. We admire breadth in a statesman, foresight in a business man, depth in a philosopher, insight in a political economist—why not the faculty that makes men endure as seeing Him that is invisible? That there is an invisible world of power, knowledge, will, love, more deep and wide than that which is seen, is incontestable. The visible world has not in itself that which is sufficient for its origin or continuance. Its powers and possibilities came out of the unseen, and are constantly upheld by its word

of power. To see this world vividly, and feel it potentially, and be moved by it suasively, is the province of childhood and youth. Samuel differs from Esau as far as hunger for a mess of pottage differs from an appetite for spiritual realities.

Some parents fear a too precocious development of piety, and others suspect its genuineness and permanency. There is no ground. Does a musician regret his child's being moved by a concord of sweet sounds? Does a painter dislike to see his child delight in colors? Does any one regret that his child peoples the unseen with life? Why regret that he peoples the unseen with God?

We are apt to think that the Christ life in its infancy, development, and manhood was exceptional and anomalous. Alas! it was too much so. But was it not meant to be an example of what should be possible and normal under a union of humanity and Divinity? Christ says himself: "I have given you an example, that you should do as I have done to you." That was an example of a single act,

truly; but in Peter ii, 21, we have his highest deed given as our example: "Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." We are exhorted to have the same mind that was in Christ Jesus. And in that connection is given a summary of his highest glory surrendered and deepest shame accepted, to show to what extent we are to have the same mind.

So any child-piety of our blessed Lord is not too much for any child. Any one can be about his Father's business.

William Stockton Heacock was one who turned to the study of spiritual things as a scientist turns to the facts of the material world, as a legal mind turns to Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Lois*, as the artist to the principles of beauty, the musician to the laws of harmony. The laws of the spirit realm are as regular and exact as those of the mental or material realm. One may seek to find out and obey those of the one with as much enthusiasm and delight as those of the other.

Young Heacock found full play for all the

exuberance of youth, for the devotion that works without thought of reward. He found perfect satisfaction of every faculty of his being here, and perfect trust for the hereafter, to which he hastened, too early for us, but not too early for him.

H. W. WARREN.

NOTE

To make intelligible some of the references in this book, it should be stated that the father of the author, the Rev. H. B. Heacock, D. D., was born in Ohio, educated in the Iowa Wesleyan University, and in 1862 was married to Miss Maria A. Brown, a graduate of the same institution. He joined the Des Moines Conference in 1861, and in 1868 was transferred to the California Conference, of which he has since been an active member. To Dr. and Mrs. Heacock were born nine children. One died soon after their removal to California. The other eight, with the parents, constituted the happy family until the spring of 1887, when the circle was broken by the death of a little daughter. Two months later a promising son was taken. The next year two others passed away, and within the following three years two more joined the circle on the

other side. The author of these sketches, as will be seen from the dates appended, lingered until June, 1898. Dr. and Mrs. Heacock are still in the active service of the Church, and the one daughter remaining is devoting her life to the work of the Master.

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A Modern Knight of the Cross

CHAPTER I

Character Sketch

One small life in God's great plan,
  How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
  To alter the sweep of the infinite whole.
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have
    crossed,
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—Susan Coolidge.

William Stockton Heacock, youngest son of Rev. H. B. and M. A. Heacock, was born in Stockton, California, July 29, 1876. He was dedicated to God, as the baptismal seal was placed upon his brow by the hand of Bishop W. L. Harris at the Conference session which followed his birth. I remem-

ber him now as I knew him first, a sweet-faced child of three years, one of a group of seven children in the home of my presiding elder and his faithful wife in San José. In those early years it was manifest that the boy Willie was possessed of powers which absorbed with unusual readiness the varied lessons offered the opening mind. Sometimes the flash of his eyes seemed like the scintillations of an electric spark, and then would follow a penetrating, inquiring look, which, in turn, would dissolve into his own peculiar smile, which is easily remembered as a striking feature of his winsome facial expression. His discerning, analytical mind mastered learning readily, and had not his health weakened, his scholarship would have reached the highest altitudes. He had been but a year and a half in the high school when failing health called a halt in his school life, but not in study, for he early discovered that his Creator had placed him in a great university with its limitless curriculum inviting to investigation and achievement. When he was

sixteen, a tour with his parents and sister, embracing the principal cities and shrines of our own land, including the Columbian Exposition, afforded him an opportunity he gratefully seized and faithfully used. He leaves six large books of notes and descriptions of his year's travel, including that "World in miniature."

His reading, though voluminous, was carefully discriminated and well chosen, having for its central orb the Heavenly Classic, enabling him thus to stand on an intellectual and spiritual Pisgah, with the sweep of two worlds before his vision, and consequently realizing the superiority of the heavenly. He was but ten years old when he publicly confessed his faith in Christ and became a member of Grace Church, San Francisco, of which his father was the honored pastor. Eight years after his conversion, at an age when the feet of young Christians sometimes slip, he took a strong departure in the heavenly path. Again, as an honest seeker, he received an enduement of power, as the Holy

Spirit came upon his consecrated soul, and his youthful feet struck the "highway of holiness," and he henceforth walked with God.

At this time he heard a voice calling him to yet another consecration, and in cheerful obedience he placed himself in God's hands for the work of the Christian ministry, should health and strength be given him. In spirit, purpose and consecration he was from that time dedicated to the work of the Christian ministry of his beloved Church, and cherished an ambition to bear forward in our Conference annals the name which the Conference will ever remember and cherish with lawful pride and grateful satisfaction. For four years he was much of the time away from home and loved ones, searching conditions which were favorable to his recovery, and everywhere, in a cabin or camp, among friends or enemies of the Christian faith, he was a consistent Christian young man, whose life and language exalted Christ and were an unchallenged and undoubted witness to a full salvation.

His utterances in correspondence and journal entries are worthy of permanent form and of universal circulation among the youth of our congregations and Churches. He writes: "My physician assures me that I may not hope for recovery, and I am glad to know the truth. I am not cast down. My anchor holds to Christ Jesus as my salvation." Again he says: "My peace is constant, and my faith in God is perfect. My friends are awaiting me. My home is ready." In a communication to the Epworth League he wrote: "No discordant note mars the harmony of praise my soul would give Him who is my perfect Savior. Victory over fear and disappointment and death, with constant indwelling peace! O, the reality of the Christ life! It is an inspiration which gives color to my whole being." We would like that the youth of California might have these thrilling shouts of joy which so richly abound in his journal and correspondence.

When about to depart, he asked his parents what message he might bear to the dear ones

in the home beyond, and without a shadow in the spirit's horizon, he passed on to join the waiting brothers and sisters in the congenial and blissful pursuits of the heavenly life. He snatched the scepter from the hand of death on the morning of June 23, 1898, at the parsonage home in Santa Clara, and his youthful form was placed by loving hands beside his seven brothers and sisters, whose glorified spirits welcomed the Willie whom they had so much loved on earth.

Who shall call such a death premature, when the brief life has revealed such possibilities of grace, and the light enkindled by it is destined to shine along the years as an inspiration and guide to all who witnessed this consistent life and triumphant death? Though he has fallen when we think years of honorable and useful life should have lain before him, we can not say it is an unfinished life.

"Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long which answers life's great ends."

F. F. JEWELL.

CHAPTER II

Early Boyhood

EVERYTHING which goes to make up the activities of a boy entered into the youth of our "Knight of the Cross." Life had for him a keen relish. Boyish visions brightened his outlook. To him, with his well-developed body, the world offered the attractions of legitimate physical enjoyment, and also allured with the temptations which so early attack the buoyant and inquiring. He was intensely fond of open-air amusements, such as swimming, ball-playing, excursions to places of interest, cycling, and the usual schoolboy games. From them he drank a full cup of pleasure. The restraints of wholesome authority were sometimes unheeded, and hasty resistance was not infrequent. Penitence, however, and promises of more willing obedience generally followed quickly.

When eleven years old he writes in his diary: "Was a real bad boy to-day. I have made good resolutions now, and hope, with God's help, to keep them."

As a boy he took a deep interest in school, recording in his diary, with boyish simplicity and frankness, its chief incidents, his rank in class, his per cent. in studies, lists of misspelled words, his rewards and punishments. From time to time he comments on his progress in his studies as follows: "Had a hard Greek lesson to-night, but I have it." "I am beginning to see through Greek." When in the high school he took special interest in the debating society, and prepared himself, with great thoroughness, for those youthful passages-at-arms.

Always energetic in every undertaking, when thirteen he worked zealously and indefatigably for the new church at Eighth Avenue, Oakland, of which his father was pastor. Much of his spending money, earned in various ways, such as writing shorthand overtime, practicing an extra hour on the flute,

filling orders for pictures with his camera, gardening, chores of any and every sort, furnished a revenue, all willingly given to the much-loved new church.

Ever alert to interest others in the work, and to get assistance from every possible source, he visited Grace Church, of which his father had formerly been pastor, to obtain aid. He writes thus in his journal, March 10, 1889: "I went to lyceum at Grace Church, San Francisco, last night, and delivered a speech on our album scheme. I got $2.50 at Lyceum for my album. I collected $10.25 for the new church to-day."

When but eleven years of age, shadows began to fall across his path. In February, 1887, his sister Myrtle "passed from death to eternal life." On the 12th of May his brother Joe "was not," for God called him. This oldest brother, nearly twenty-two years of age, a graduate of the University of the Pacific, at College Park, California, who had been a great sufferer for some months, was greatly enriched in his Christian experience one Sun-

day night, and spoke freely of it in the family. The impression made upon Will's mind is noted in his diary of April 10, 1887: "Last night about ten o'clock Joe came into pa and ma's room, and said: 'I have come to bring you the best news you would like to hear. Jesus has come into my soul, and I am so happy.' He was praising and singing a long time, for he was so happy." The impressions made by this wonderful experience and sublime faith in the closing hours of his brother's life were never effaced. One year of active school life had passed in Oakland, when his young heart was again swept by the waves of sorrow, and in a few words he chronicled the events as follows:

"June 10, 1888.—This morning Grace did not feel well. Pa looked in her throat, and it was white. The doctor pronounced it diphtheria. They sent me to San Francisco, to Mrs. N——'s."

"June 22, 1888.—This morning, as I was asleep over in San Francisco, about 5.45, Mr. N—— woke me, saying Harry was in

the parlor; also that the angel of death had carried away Grace."

His older sister, Bertha, about fourteen (Grace was ten), had been quite ill for some months, and he occasionally makes mention of her. The last references were:

"June 26, 1888.—Bertha is not so well. She is failing rapidly. The doctor despairs of her life."

"June 27, 1888.—Bertha passed away peacefully this afternoon at 5.25. She recognized us all, and wrote, within an hour and a half of her death, in Harry's, May's, and my albums."

Soon after this he was himself stricken with diphtheria, and came near to death's door. On his birthday, he thus writes:

"July 29, 1888.—I am twelve years old today. I got up and came down to dinner this noon. It was the first time since I took diphtheria."

The next break in the home circle was on the 22d of December, 1889, when his oldest sister, May, after a brief illness, went to join

the dear ones beyond. She had been almost as a mother to him, and he felt her loss so keenly that he makes but this brief mention of it: "May was buried to-day. At the cemetery the sun came out till after the services."

The next two years were spent in school, where he made excellent progress in his studies, evincing marked manly qualities. His industry and energy kept both hands and mind busy. He did various kinds of work by which he might develop his business ability and put an honest dollar into his pocket. Lawn-mowing, photographing, caring for the horse and carriage at home, were enough to fill his hours of recreation. He writes:

"February 8, 1890.—Charlie [a schoolboy friend] and I have formed a corporation. We got up at 5.15 A. M., and worked till 5.30 P. M. We got one dollar and seventy cents, or eighty-five cents for each. We worked hard all day."

"April 3, 1890.—Charlie and I began at Mrs. A——'s yesterday. It was an easy job, and a fussy old woman around to hinder us."

His diary abounds in little details and touches of humor, showing that his eyes were open to all that was passing. His presence at church, Sunday-school, and Junior League, with the impressions received, are noted with perfect candor. He was as ready to note his failings and defects as to speak of his achievements.

At this time his only remaining brother, who for a year and a half had been traveling in Wyoming and Colorado in search of health, returned home. They were dear to each other, and Will felt the wholesome influence of his brother's presence on his return, in October, 1891. Though Harry was gradually failing, an early summons was not anticipated; but the end came suddenly. In reference to it the following entry is made:

"January 28, 1892.—Harry got up and dressed this morning, and took a sun-bath on the front porch in the forenoon; and in the afternoon, on the back porch. I talked with him pleasantly after school, little dreaming it would be my last talk on earth with him."

"January 29, 1892.—Went to school as usual to-day. About fifteen minutes before eleven o'clock, as I was studying, a knock came at the schoolroom door, and I was told by F—— that Harry was a little worse, and for me to come home immediately. I did so, and found, when I reached home, that Harry had suddenly been called hence."

"January 30th.—Did my regular work and numerous errands. Went into the parlor to-night and saw Harry. He looked just as I left him Thursday night—peaceful, resigned expression."

"January 31st.—Harry's funeral from the church at 2.30. Epworth League, about one hundred strong, marched in a body. They sat behind us. Half-way through the services at the cemetery, showered for a few minutes. Went to League and church to-night."

A few months after this, at the age of fifteen, when in the second year of the Oakland High School, he was obliged to give up study on account of weakening health. So he worked for some time in a surveying party,

until September 9, 1892, when, with his parents and sister, he left California for a year of travel in the East.

As a voluntary means of discipline and self-improvement, he made minute and accurate comments on all that he saw and learned. The neatly-written note-books, products of many hours of self-imposed labor, were all carefully and systematically indexed, and thus made available for future use. Keen and Argus-eyed, little of interest escaped his notice. His love of nature and deepening appreciation of the handiwork of the Creator occasionally called forth bursts of admiration and bits of description.

During a trip on the Great Lakes from Cleveland to Duluth, Minn., he writes:

"July 29, 1893—*Lake Huron.*—We have been going steadily onward on Lake Huron since midnight. We were out of sight of land several hours this morning. The Michigan coast is about fifteen miles to our starboard. The sunset this evening was glorious. The sun went down behind a cloud-bank

which it changed into a lurid lake of fire. The full moon rose up from the water soon after. It was beautiful."

"July 30th.—Gorgeous sunset, at which I gazed an hour, studying coloring and cloud effects. Black clouds kept rolling in. Next we had some rain, accompanied by vivid lightning and faint thunder."

Of his trip to Niagara Falls he writes:

"This morning we walked to Prospect Park, which contains ten acres of prettily laid-out lawns and walks. In the southwest corner is Prospect Point, bordering on the American Falls, which from this point can be seen to fine advantage. The point is inclosed by a stone wall about four feet high, directly next to the falls. One can reach over and touch the water, so close are they. It is with peculiar sensations that I stood there. The water up the river is turbulent and rushing at a speed of thirty miles an hour. As it approaches the edge of the falls, it becomes more placid, there being no stones to dash over. It rounds the edge as a fast-moving mass of

jelly. As the water rushes over the precipice in a solid mass, it hits projecting crags, and is dashed into fine spray, which resembles a snow-white drapery over the fall. It simply defies description. The sun was shining brightly, and the air was pure and clear. Rainbows extended entirely across the river, showing each color with remarkable clearness. Leaving the point, we walked up the river a little distance to the bridge leading to Goat Island. From here we studied the rapids above the falls. Immense, white-capped, rolling, thundering waters, dashed along at railroad speed, are the rapids."

Determined to make the most of his opportunities and to see all that was possible, he frequently went on long excursions while the others of the party rested. An entry, made while in New York, says: "Walked at least eight miles to-day with rubbers on, so was tired." Study was not neglected, for at intervals of leisure he kept up some school work. Under date of January 14, 1893, he writes: "Finished indexing my books of travel, and

studied some Latin." Besides informing himself about places of historic interest which were visited, he continued his general reading. One book especially he notes:

"February 25, 1893—*Mount Pleasant, O.*—Read about eighty pages in 'Getting on in the World; or, Hints to Success in Life,' a three-hundred-page book of solid reading-matter by William Matthews, LL. D., of Chicago University."

"February 27th.—Sat up until 10.30 reading 'Getting on in the World.' I find it practical and interesting."

From early youth he was a constant reader of the weekly papers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, including the California Christian Advocate, the Christian Advocate, and Sunday-school papers. He also enjoyed the *Epworth Herald*, and from its first issue until his life ended he read it with great profit. A careful study of "Four Wonderful Years" established him in the conviction that the Epworth League is the child of Providence, and his interest in its welfare was steady and in-

creasing as he studied its marvelous adaptation to the young people and its possibilities for good. He attended the first International Convention of the League at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1893, with his father, and was an attentive listener to all its proceedings.

He was deeply touched at that wondrous meeting on Sunday morning, when nearly every one of the founders of the League was present, and told, in simple story, the history of its birth. Later in the day, as Bishop Warren moved the vast congregation with his masterly sermon, his soul was stirred; and yet again was he thrilled, in the evening, on visiting the little church around the corner, in which this youngest child of Methodism was born.

When quite a lad he became interested in the Boys' Brigade movement, seeing in it a field of usefulness for saving the boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age for the Church and Christ. A company was organized at Eighth Avenue, Oakland, of which he became one of the most active and enthusi-

astic members. While traveling he sought out and visited as many companies as he could find. In Philadelphia he was specially interested in seeing the good work it accomplished. He was the means of organizing a few companies in places where he spent some time. At the request of Dr. Berry, he wrote an article for the Epworth Herald setting forth the movement and its benefits. He never lost an opportunity in speaking a good word for the Young Men's Christian Association, having realized its advantages. During his Eastern tour, he found his way to its reading-rooms in almost every city visited, and was gladdened to see the homelike influences which pervaded them. In later years, when alone, far from home and friends, searching for health, he often found its reading-rooms a shelter from the blasts of worldliness and sin.

When the family returned to California, in September, 1893, his father was stationed at Santa Cruz, and there Will entered the high school, expecting to finish its course, and then

attend a Christian college. Again his health failed, and careful medical examinations showed that disease was undermining his constitution. Turning reluctantly from school with its inviting opportunities, he began his heroic battle for life.

CHAPTER III

Eventful Epochs

"Not as I will," the sound grows swee
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us in the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill,
"Not as we will."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE summer of 1894 was spent in the Santa Cruz Mountains. A milder climate, however, seemed desirable for the winter, so in November he sought the far-famed Sunny South. The necessity of giving up school and leaving home were both sore trials and disappointments. His diary continues the narrative:

"JANUARY 3, 1894—*Santa Cruz, Cal.*—Was invited out to dinner this evening; had some apple-dumpling, with brandy sauce. I refused the sauce."

"February 7th.—Staid in and read this morning; and also this afternoon. Read two chapters in 'Beacon Lights of History,' by John Lord."

"August 31, 1894—*Santa Cruz Mountains.* —Woke up at 5.30. Cold and foggy. Spent until breakfast reading Bible with Whedon's Commentary. Progress is slow. Am reading Matthew i. After dinner I went into the library. Callers came, and I was detained, so I lost an hour. I had intended to put on Bible study."

"September 1st.—The lights of Santa Cruz seem nearer and brighter than ever before. The heavens look grand. Psalms xix, 1."

"September 2d.—The sermon this morning was earnest and spiritual. Very satisfying to me, and helpful. God help me to take home to myself the truths!"

"November 9th—*Santa Cruz.*—Up at 5.30. Finished packing. After breakfast, the good-byes. I realize that they are for some time, longer than ever before, but believe it is best. Feelings nearly overcame me. Pa and I took

car, and soon home was out of sight. At the depot, a few words, a good-bye kiss, and I was off, nearer breaking down than ever. Watched him until train made curve. While I am severing home ties, I am strengthening them with my God."

Immediately on leaving home he went to Redlands, a beautiful city about sixty-five miles east from Los Angeles, where he made his home with relatives. In order to trace the successive steps in his religious life, it would be well to read his consecration, dated November 4, 1894, in Chapter IX, "Some Phases of Religious Experience and Testimony." After a long conversation with his father, reaching late into the night of November 3d, both had joined in prayer, and, having reached a full determination to be forever a servant of God, he wrote that purposeful self-surrender. The next morning, in a very deliberate manner, he handed the paper to his father with these words: "How will that do?" A new light was in his eye, a new joy in his heart, and a firmer faith stimulated

his whole nature. His letters of this date give fuller detail than his diary about the experience into which he entered soon after reaching Redlands. How completely he had surrendered himself to the Spirit of God will be seen in what follows.

"November 11th—*Redlands, Cal.*, sixty-five miles east of Los Angeles, a beautiful orange-growing city.—After preaching service, I remained to class. Had good testimonies. I added mine. While I have experienced no remarkable change of feeling, I am determined to claim all that comes from entire surrender."

"November 14th. — Have had many thoughts of God and my relations to him this day. I feel my insufficiency and my need of strength, but trust God for what I lack."

"November 25th.—This morning a short but suggestive sermon on sanctification. Text, John xvii, 17. It did me good, and I am now strengthened in my determination to give up anything and everything that may hinder God's residence in my heart. O Holy

Spirit, come into my heart more fully, and show me whatever may be there contrary to God's will! I do want thy indwelling. Help me to put down self, and install thee only Sovereign in my life. O, I do hunger and thirst for a deeper experience! I thank thee that I am in the way, and for thy presence; but I want deeper love. I do throw myself on the promises of God, and claim them as my own. God saves me now, yea, *now*. I claim it, I feel it. Thou bindest the strong man of sin, the devil, and wilt give me strength to keep him down. Do, O Father, is my prayer. I led prayers to-night, reading Matthew vii, 1-12. Had more freedom in prayer than for a long time. The day has been a bright one in my experience. I feel stronger than ever before in my religious life."

"November 27th.—Have been thinking much of God and his promises to-day. I know I am saved; for I believe his Word who has promised. I read to-night in the 'Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.'"

"December 17th.—Rev. Joseph H. Smith gave a Bible-reading on James v, 16-20. It was fine, being on full salvation, or sanctification. He invited those who wished it to come to the altar, and I went with many others. I did not gain any feeling, but I publicly announced myself as a seeker. This evening I read some in 'Christian's Secret' and the Bible on the subject, and then spent half an hour on my knees opening my soul to God. Relying on my consecration and his promises, by faith I laid hold on his promise, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and really claimed it as mine. Then I was conscious of peace, and my heart was full of song to which my lips gave vent. Praise God for my experience! I fully trust him as the cleanser of my soul, lack of feeling notwithstanding."

"December 20th.—A man invited me to ride down-town with him, and I accepted. On the way I invited him to church, and had a little talk with him religiously. Thank God for strength to do so!"

"December 21st.—This morning I read in the 'Tongue of Fire.' At the afternoon meeting I gave in my word of testimony. I am clinching the matter so the devil can't catch me."

"December 3d.—At this afternoon's service the man next to me was deeply convicted and moved. I talked with him a little, but he would not do anything. When meeting was over, I urged him further, and told him I would pray for him to-day. I afterwards learned he was an infidel. I have prayed for him, and will continue to. The Holy Spirit made me feel that he was in need, and helped me. It was so easy to speak to him. I have been much in prayer to-day, and God is near me. My heart is so full of love to God."

"December 31st.—The last day of the year, and yet how unlike previous years! I close the year happy, in improved health, a more enlightened mind, a good religious experience, friends, a loving home, and realizing God's guidance and goodness in a special manner. The past year has been a peculiar one—

a year devoted to health-searching, part of it away from home. My self-reliance has been strengthened, confidence has increased, and I feel quite able to master circumstances, with God's help. The year 1894 marks two important periods in my life. November 4th, at 10.45 P. M., in Santa Cruz, I made the complete surrender to God, and obtained a sense of forgiven sin and adoption. December 17th, at 9.30 P. M., I claimed God for cleansing from inbred sin, and made a living sacrifice of myself to God, and he sealed the sacrifice with great peace, which is still mine, and, I pray, always will be. The result has been, I have since been kept from sin and am happy in Jesus. I close the year with songs of praise and joy on my lips. I have perfect peace with God and assurance of his presence in my heart, and a great joy. I love God's house, his people, and books about him. 'My lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places.' Indeed, 'Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.' Glory to God! Hallelujah!"

"January 1, 1895.—Welcome, 1895. With

your advent comes much of hope—hope for health, and faith for great grace, and a rich Christian experience. This year I intend to live for Christ as never before. I have tasted of God's love and goodness, and I want a liberal portion this year. I am fully dedicated to him, and pray for a gracious outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon myself. God, in this quiet hour, I bear thee witness that in my inmost soul I am thine entirely. Make me the instrument in thy hands by which good may be done to all with whom I have intercourse. Glorify thyself in me."

"January 5th.—My mind has been filled with cares, but God took them."

"January 20th.—Mountains look grand and imposing, for they are covered with snow. This afternoon I read in 'Milestone Papers' with great profit. I realize that my faith has been too evanescent, so have taken a deeper hold to-day. I want overcoming faith, and am going to keep my eye constantly on Jesus for guidance in everything. To-night I read about eighteen chapters in Deuteronomy."

"March 21st.—Felt quite cast down this morning, but writing to L—— of my faith, and reading some good old hymns in the Hymnal, and looking to God, helped me. To-night the burden is gone; I feel relieved and at rest."

"April 5th.—Day has been profitable. Have garnered new thoughts which I will endeavor to inculcate as principles in my life. Have been close to God to-day, and feel that my faith is invigorated. Invited a man to church Sunday."

"April 7th.—Had a good class-meeting. I spoke near the first and with liberty."

As the weather grew quite warm, thinking the north would be better for the summer, he returned to his home at Santa Cruz near the last of April. On his homeward journey he contracted a severe cold, the results of which are mentioned in his entries of April and May. It was as he was recovering slowly from this serious illness that the letter to his cousin was written, entitled "Light on the Pathway."

"April 26th—*Santa Cruz.*—About 2 A. M. I awoke, and having a taste of blood, I lit the lamp. I was experiencing a hemorrhage. Had no pain or uncomfortable feeling or apprehension. I turned my thoughts to Christ, and fear vanished."

When recovering from a very serious illness, following this, in which he seemed near his heavenly home, he writes:

"May 9th.—Am safe in the arms of Jesus, and I know he doeth all things well. I pray for composure, that I may look squarely into the future and bravely conquer through Christ."

As soon as he was able to go from home, he again sought the refreshing air and delightful scenery of the Santa Cruz Mountains, about fifteen miles from Santa Cruz. Here, amid pleasant surroundings, the time passed swiftly, and he was happy in the midst of continued activity. When not out of doors assisting in light chores and helping with picking and packing fruit, he applied himself closely to studies, both secular and religious.

Some glimpses of these days are recorded in the following entries of his journal:

"June 23d—*Santa Cruz Mountains.*—To-day has been a good one. I have felt deeply as I thought over my duties as a son, a brother, and a Christian, and am fully determined in Christ to measure up to them."

"June 29th.—I am trying to plan a good program so as to make the most of my days."

"June 30th.—This morning, when ready for church, I spent an hour in careful Bible study."

"July 3d.—After dinner R—— and I had a romp; then he lay down, and we talked."

"July 5th.—Woke at 4.50, and arose. Had an early breakfast with the men this morning so as to have time to make a fern contrivance for L——. I was compelled, however, after an hour and a half's effort, to give up, for my material was insufficient."

"July 6th.—After churning, I finished my letter to mama. To-day is her birthday, and I aim for her to get the letter this afternoon."

"July 8th.—The fog is dense below, but it escapes us. It is exactly like a flaky, white, billowy sea, with the Monterey Mountains as a background. The foreground is completely covered."

"July 12th.—Finished, this morning, III John and part of Jude. Am now debating in my mind the amount of reading I ought to do, and how extensively I want to note it. I don't want to overdo, mentally or physically. Will ask doctor about it."

"July 13th.—To-night is beautiful. Another week has passed into history, and I can rejoice in good health (for me) and lessons learned. I can more intelligently thank God to-night for all his mercies to me and his providential leadings. I rejoice in a dear, personal Christ, who is making life a continual joy and happiness to me."

"July 21st.—The day has hardly resulted in all I had desired, and yet I have had high and holy thoughts. Perhaps a variation from my usual course is not hurtful occasionally."

"August 14th.—Quit work at ten, when I

wrote a letter to G—— on the necessity and desirability of a religious life."

"August 18th.—Have done much thinking, and have reached some good conclusions. Am resolved, if I regain health, to get a thorough, Christian, classical education at a Methodist college. A thorough foundation is essential to largest usefulness. Further, I am going to let nothing stand between me and God. My life, my all are his, and in return he gives me peace, happiness, joy, and an increased desire for usefulness and knowledge."

"August 21st.—Wrote to M——. Have emphasized the necessity of his knowing Christ saves him. I covenant to pray for him daily."

"September 1st.—Have gotten help from 'Some Aspects of a Blessed Life,' by Mark Guy Pearse. Am more fully determined to push on, conquering and overcoming."

"September 8th.—I am more fully resolved to live nearer Christ and to depend more on his grace and less on my own strength."

September 10th.—Very clear to-night on the bay. The mountains look nearer and clearer than I ever saw them before. The lights of Santa Cruz are like diamonds, so distinct and near. I can see the Monterey Lighthouse light for the first time."

"October 1st.—An ideal night. Have worked hard to-day to complete the New Testament transcribing in my note-book before I go home. Am now midway in Revelation. Will be glad to finish it. It has taken much time, but I hope the classification will be serviceable. I have been tempted to give it up; but determined to push it through for the discipline."

"October 10th—*Santa Cruz.*—Finished the 'Bonnie Brier Bush' to-night. It is an excellent book. Its lessons are well concealed in pathetic sketches. The last chapter overcame me, where it told of Dr. MacClure's demise."

"October 29th.—Pa tried to get me to talk to-night, but I could n't. Have been miserable myself, and have hurt others. The reason is, I have overtaxed my strength, and have

given up to discouraging influences. I really do n't understand myself. I have throughout acted contrary to my inclinations. Have said and done many things I am heartily ashamed of, but have been too cowardly to confess it and turn about."

"October 30th—*Wrights, Santa Cruz Mountains.*—Came up here to-day for a few weeks. Got my things fixed around as of old. My cot gone and a bed takes its place. Things seem strange, and I have a sense of loneliness to-night."

"October 31st.—Work is monotonous and somewhat tiresome. Spent the evening in my room, writing, reading, and meditating. Night is beautiful and moonlight. I still feel strange and out of place up here. I do n't feel natural."

"November 1st.—Have read in 'Christian's Secret' to-day. It is so helpful. It pressed closely to my thought that I have been failing in Christian life because of reservation in continuous, complete consecration and lack of trust in God. I have acknowledged my

failure to God, and am starting afresh, hoping to benefit by the experience of the past.

"November 2d.—From what was said to me to-day by Mrs. A—— and another person, the conviction is growing upon me that I am not so well as I have thought; but then, I can not help it, so try not to think of it much, but keep steadily on in what seems best. That certainly is all I can do."

CHAPTER IV

Struggles for Health

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care.

—WHITTIER.

THE fall of 1895 found Will at home again, planning for the winter. After much careful inquiry about different localities, he decided to try the climate of the desert, and so went to Palm Springs. This health resort is situated at the foot of the San Jacinto Mountain, in the San Bernardino Range, about one hundred miles east of Los Angeles. It is on the edge of the desert, five miles south of the railroad, and consists of a hotel, a few dwelling-houses and stores, with some improved

farms in the outlying region. Here he sought a dry and warm atmosphere, and from these new conditions hoped for much gain. His diary of this date tells, in minute detail, his inner life—the struggles against depression amid the lonely surroundings, and concern as to future plans. The few excerpts given show his efforts practically to apply the teachings of the Word of God to daily life.

"December 10, 1895.—A new face at breakfast. I notice the newcomer asks a grace. Commenced 'Pushing to the Front.' It is very interesting and alive with suggestions."

"December 11th.—Have a stronger purpose than ever to bravely push my way over obstacles. I will succeed, God helping me."

"December 22d.—To-day has been uneventful. I have been thoughtful, and have been rewarded. What a trial it is to have to wait! I am trying to be patient and learn."

"December 24th.—D—— has the knack of clothing the commonest nothings in such ponderous words as to make him appear intellectual."

"December 28th.—I do n't know why all my light-heartedness has gone so quickly. I feel my need of Divine and human help now, and wish that I was not so far from friends. I shall cast, or try to, all my burdens on the Lord, trusting his help."

"December 29th.—This evening have received a spiritual uplift. I can and will pull out the winter with God's help."

"December 30th.—So one more year closes. It has been an eventful year, although seemingly unreal as I look back on it. I am grateful to God for his care and goodness to me, and I feel a deeper desire than ever and determination to get closer to him this year. Faith I need and pray for—a living faith, and complete, constant trust."

In his diary of 1896 he writes this preface:

> "Who looks within without permission
> Is guilty of a great transgression.
> For what doth in this book appear
> Is not designed for public eye,
> And public eye means thine."

"January 2, 1896.—Walked up to alfalfa field at nine, and there had a precious season

of prayer and song. Committed several hymns."

"January 12th.—Has been a strange Sunday. To change or not to change has been the all-absorbing question. I am in great mental distress over it."

"January 13th.—Letters from home. All favor staying, if possible. After weighing the matter carefully, I have decided to stay and get into regularity. I rely upon God's help to do it. I believe it is best, so will stick it out."

"February 1st.—To-night I am in a happy, contented state. Inward peace and outward satisfaction to what seems best."

"February 4th.—Made a fire after breakfast, and read Genesis i to vi, making notes in a blank-book, which I intend to keep up systematically through the Old Testament, in order to get a better and clearer idea of events."

"February 27th.—I do believe sincerely in heaven, and intend to read 'Man all Immortal,' by Bishop Clark, some time in the near fu-

ture. I read some of it in my illness in the spring. Have had some calm thoughts today. Had begun to get restless and impatient, but have realized that I am now where God has placed me, and so should accept his will and do it. I do get so lonely, though, at times, for there is no one with whom I associate who can give me the sympathy for which I crave."

With the return of spring, and consequent warm weather, a cooler climate seemed desirable, so he returned to his home, now at Santa Clara. The summer was uneventful; it brought him no real gain. Several medical examinations indicated that his disease was making progress. With a hopefulness which looked for complete recovery, but with a realization that the time required would be much longer than he had hitherto admitted to himself (and as the time for schooling was passing), he determined to seek the conditions which promised the most speedy as well as certain cure. The Rocky Mountain region was so highly recommended that he resolved

to test its virtues. Thus he turned his steps towards Las Vegas, New Mexico, where, for awhile, improvement seemed real and rapid."

"April 7th—*Santa Clara, Cal.*—Reached home this afternoon."

"July 28th.—We had some hot weather in June and July. I lost my appetite and considerable flesh, and my ambition in general. Up at 5.15. Finished packing. A little before nine took a last look around for some months, then said good-byes, and papa and I were off. Spent day in city. Papa saw me on the train. We had a talk, and then he went back to city. I pretty near caved in. Was so sorry to part."

The following description is part of a letter written for a Santa Clara newspaper for which he corresponded at the request of the editor:

"Las Vegas, New Mexico, is in the northeastern part of New Mexico, in the only pass east of the Rocky Mountains, between the mountains of the north and the plains of the south and southeast, through which traffic always has had, and must continue, to pass,

by a direct route from the Missouri River to New Mexico, Arizona, and northern New Mexican points. As early as 1853 a Mexican trading-post was established at this important point. In 1879 the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company built through here, and from that time the growth of the modern city dates. In the same year the wholesale houses that had followed the railroad step by step located here to stay, recognizing the importance of the location as a distributing center. And so the fact that, commercially, Las Vegas is the first city of the Territory. [By its name, Las Vegas, 'The Meadows,' the country of which it is the center is described.] New Mexico meadows differ from those of the States. Instead of being gently rolling or level, they are broken up into broad, uneven plateaus, or *mesas*, often with abrupt banks a hundred or more feet high. These plateaus slope from the Rocky Mountains south and east into Mexico and Texas, for it will be remembered we are twenty miles east of the main range of the Rockies. It is in

a hilly valley, several miles wide, hemmed in between a broad plateau, with high, steep banks immediately to the east, and foothills adjoining to the west, that the town lies. To the northward the valley extends five miles, ending in the hills at the famous Hot Springs. Southward the valley widens, and is lost on the distant horizon. A small river, the Rio Gallinas, flows down the valley, and on both sides of its sloping banks lies the town."

"August 9th.—Read part of a sermon of Wesley's on 'Salvation by Faith.' Enjoy his style. Have felt great uplift to-day, being in the Spirit. Feel greatly encouraged that I am in the right place for Christian work and recovery, and, under grace, am going to put forth every effort in behalf of both. My will is determined and settled."

"August 19th.—Have been lonely to-day, and a little homesick. Jesus has been in my thoughts helpfully."

"August 28th.—Read an hour before going to breakfast. Finished Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero Worship.' It has been educating read-

ing, and will help me think. It shows me my need of reading history and biography."

As winter approached, it seemed better to him to test the merits of a greater altitude, so from Las Vegas he went to Rociada, a small trading-post about thirty miles to the northwest. The reasons for this change, which necessitated comparative isolation, were the hoped-for advantages of greater elevation, better and more nourishing food, and more outdoor exercise. But the loneliness became oppressive, and the lack of helpful Church privileges a keen deprivation, the more so as he found no congenial or helpful companion. At this time he writes:

"Things with me are as favorable as I could ask. My health is good, and as that is the main thing, I do not complain about other things. You can imagine that it may be a little lonesome, and not exactly the surroundings one would select from a religious and mental standpoint. Still, such is life, and if the essentials exist, the others can come later. I find work the antidote to unsettled feelings.

I went to church up at the schoolhouse last Sunday. Found no spirit of devotion nor any edification in the sermon. I was not invited to return, and do not think I was welcome. Prefer my quiet Sundays alone with 'Wesley.' "

"September 6th—*Rociada, New Mexico.*—Spent evening reading my mail, as I was half-famished for news, having had none for a week. Day has not been spent right in all respects. I have been too miscellaneously employed."

"September 20th.—I was especially moved by papa's letter where he said that last Sunday morning at the Annual Conference love-feast, he felt moved to speak of me and my aspirations, and asked an interest in their prayers for me. The leader at once responded in an earnest prayer for my recovery (D. V.), to which there were many and hearty Amens."

"September 25th.—First freeze last night. Thin ice this morning. Put the following plan into execution to-day, and will adhere to it: Up at 6; exercise, 6.20; prayer and

Bible, 7; breakfast, 7-8; open for exercise, 8-10; shorthand, 10-11; tube, 11-11.20; Bible study, 11.20-12; dinner, 12-1; open, 1-4; Spanish, 4-4.45; theology, 5-6; supper, 6-7; open to 8.40; journalize, 8.50; prayers and bed at 9."

"October 18th.—Have been thoughtful to-day of how my actions conform with my plan as laid out previously. I need a check physically and mentally. In the former, I must rigidly observe my outing hours; and in the latter, curtail somewhere. Ambition would run me into the ground, overdrawing my strength. Day has been a fair one. Have realized my weakness more, and also my failure compared with the ideal Christ."

"November 22d.—Spent a good day. This morning read a sermon of Wesley's, the Sunday-school lesson, and the *Christian Advocate.* Took a walk, after dinner, over the hills north. Read in theology and *Epworth Herald* this afternoon and evening. God is good. Every day sees some new revelation of his power and goodness. I feel that I have taken only

the first and feeblest steps in the divine life. Full of imperfection, I long for more of the grace of God that I may measure up to my opportunities. Stand still and see God's work. Lord, help me to do so patiently!"

"December 31st.—This is the end of 1896. Farewell! Thou hast served me well. It has not been a year of enjoyment all through, though it has had enjoyable features. Trial and disappointment have been abundant, but, above all these, loom up the peace and satisfaction I have in Christ. I am trying to live right, but I make some mistakes; yet 1896 has seen more gain than retrogression. *Vale* 1896!"

A careful study of the books on climatic conditions led him to believe that Santa Fé would be preferable to Rociada, so the last of January, 1897, he left that region, and reached his destination in the midst of a snow-storm and at a time when the grippe was epidemic. It was with difficulty and much care he escaped an attack himself, and, fearing the results of the cold, damp weather, he hast-

ened to Phœnix, Arizona, arriving there early in March, after stopping a few days in Tempe.

While in New Mexico he wrote several letters for the *California Christian Advocate* and other newspapers in the State, which called forth high praise from many readers.

Soon after coming to Phœnix he was much cheered by a visit from his father. They agreed that it would be better for him to lay aside all books, so far as possible, and live in the open air. Into this plan he entered with zest, going so far as to purchase an outfit for roughing it. A brief experience at a mining-camp satisfied him that, however well such a plan might be for others, it was not suitable for him. Returning to Phœnix, he did light housekeeping for a few months, with a genial companion, who was also in search of health.

"March 27, 1897—*Phœnix, Arizona.*—Have been thinking over the conditions of discipleship with Christ this afternoon, and decided I must stand with boldness for him. I say my grace as unostentatiously as possible be-

fore meals, but am resolved to stand by my accustomed habits under any conditions."

"April 6th.—Read to-day in Upham's 'Interior Life,' and am very much interested."

"April 15th.—This afternoon I completed 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' The book was interesting as the portrayal of the customs of an early age, but in some places it is so sensual and suggestive of impurity that I should not want to read many such books. 'To the pure all things are pure.' Perhaps so, but there are in some of us flames more easily kindled than in others."

"April 27th.—Have been greatly helped in reading Upham's 'Interior Life' and Thomson's 'Educational Essays.' I can and I will move things for my improvement from now, conquering difficulties rather than being conquered by them."

"May 7th.—Had a long talk with the pastor about sociability and a field for work. He said he could give me plenty to do, and I am ready for it. Made a call this afternoon, but found the parties had returned to California."

"May 23d.—Studied Sunday-school lesson after breakfast. Our teacher was absent, so I again unexpectedly taught."

"June 20th.—Attended Epworth League at 7. Good meeting. The leader called on me to pray and comment on some passages. A good day and a busy one. Now to digest the day's lessons during the week. I need more quiet, religious reflection, which I must plan for."

His plan had been to spend the summer in Phœnix, notwithstanding the very hot weather, thinking it might be better; but when the heat reached its normal standard for that time of year, he was assured by physicians it would be unwise to remain. After a close study of official weather reports and thorough investigation, he decided to change to Las Cruces, New Mexico. Somewhat reluctantly he turned his footsteps farther away from home. Conditions were much as he had supposed and for awhile he seemed to rally. He explored the region thoroughly, and wrote several very interesting letters from there for

the press. While remaining at Las Cruces, he planned to revisit Las Vegas, and also attend the New Mexico Mission Conference, which met at Albuquerque. Some account of the months spent in these different localities will be found in the following extracts from his diary:

"July 18th—*Las Cruces, New Mexico.*—Talked with a man this evening who believes the Bible as it pleases him. Evidently he knows no experimental Christianity. Infidel associations have vitiated his belief. We got into quite an argument, and it did no good. I must not argue with persons, for it is not helpful; rather the reverse."

"August 30th.—Found a centipede about three inches long, with thirty-eight legs, in my bed this morning. Evidently I had tucked him down last night when I fixed my covers. So I was saved from an unsuspected danger by God's providence, I prefer to believe, rather than by chance."

"September 5th.—The pastor preached vigorously and earnestly on 'Overcomers.'

He quite startled me at the close by saying: 'After singing, Brother Heacock will lead in prayer.' I did so briefly, but appropriately to the sermon. Lack of public speaking makes me timid, but I will not back down from anything I can do."

"September 19th—*Las Vegas.*—Brother B—— preached. Made a fine opening prayer. Communion followed. My first one for over a year, and I was glad to partake."

"September 26th. — Attended Sunday-school and church. The speaker was a deliberate talker, who picks his language and clothes his thoughts in good English. Several times he introduced slang, which sounded vulgar by contrast. This evening had a little chat with Mrs. H——, then spent a quiet hour in prayer and meditation. Must have more such periods with God—informal heart talks."

"October 3d—*Albuquerque, New Mexico.*—At close of preaching this morning three-fourths of the congregation pledged faithfully to try to bring one soul to Christ in twelve

months. I rose among the number, and will make it a matter of prayer and thought."

"October 10th.—Resumed reading in 'Watson's Institutes,' beginning a new volume (II), and will finish by Christmas, averaging ten pages a day."

"October 17th.—After dinner I read, took a walk, and then got out my flute before supper, running over a few tunes by ear."

"October 19th.—W—— came to me this afternoon to see if I wanted to deliver meat for several hours in the morning, at fifteen dollars a month. I found it included Sunday, so refused, unless he arranges for Sunday otherwise."

"October 23d.—This afternoon I finished writing on 'Faith Cure.' The pastor asked me if I would be Sunday-school superintendent, but I told him of my inexperience, and left it to Providential indications. I am not anxious to undertake the responsibility, and would do it only if it seemed my evident duty."

"October 29th.—Considerable pain and

suffering to-day. Grin and bear it, is my policy. N—— came in and read her lesson for school to-morrow nicely."

"November 7th.—I asked the landlady not to have my mail asked for any more on Sunday."

"November 16th.—Read in 'Watson's Institutes.' Am now considering Calvinism in its various aspects, and am much interested."

"November 21st.—Have made up my mind after this to be out doors every possible minute. Will endeavor this week to brace up some, but I feel pretty weak. Appetite is so poor. I have been thinking of eliminating all allusion to my physical condition from my letters, and write entirely of other things. It accomplishes but little good to write them home, for they can not help me, and it may be depressing to them."

"November 24th.—Have felt worthless to-day. Not enough energy even to sit up straight. It is almost unaccountable to know where my strength has gone."

For a few weeks his health had been giving

him uneasiness, and his mind and heart both turned towards his native golden West. Weakness which was to him unaccountable began to tax all efforts to overcome it without favorable results. He still fondly hoped a change to a more congenial climate would bring back his wonted vigor. At any rate, his purpose was fixed to enter upon a homeward journey. Having exhausted all the most favorable conditions for improvement, he doubtless felt a secret conviction that the battle was going against him. In one of his letters at this time he speaks of himself as a "brakeless wagon on a hill," which must find some way of checking its downward progress, or speedily reach the bottom.

Silver City, Arizona, held out some attractions, but a short stay assured him nothing was to be gained from its climate. One of the most distressing features attending one whose disease is tuberculosis in its advanced stages, is the suspicion with which the patient is treated. Doors open to invalids from other diseases are shut to these. To his sensitive

and refined nature this was hard to bear, yet perfect self-control and a sensible view kept his lips sealed and his pen silent on the subject.

Yuma, Arizona, just on the line of California, was the next station at which he halted for a time. Weary of the necessary restrictions connected with hotels and boarding-houses, he felt a relief to get into some rooms where he could care for himself and feel perfectly free. His diary and letters were gleeful with the new experience. During his stay here his mother made him a short visit. When she left, deprived of the stimulus of her presence, he felt a strong reaction of lassitude and loneliness. As usual, he confides freely in his diary:

"December 24th—*Yuma.*—Brother C—— invited me to dinner to-morrow, and I joyfully accepted."

"December 30th.—I was surprised this morning, near the river, to hear Mr. S——, a Moravian, and very religious, who is here with a sick son, say, in talking to some men,

that he was sorry he could not smoke when he had nothing to do. He had tried, but it affected his nerves. This seems to me like a giving up of principle."

"December 31st.—There is a watch-night meeting at the church to-night. Wish I dared go. So 1897 is all but gone. The realization of the season is impossible here where there is no winter. I pray for forgiveness for sins of omission in 1897, and want to be more watchful in 1898. *Vale*, old year! I have lived you out, and feel sanguine for 1898. The will of the Lord be done."

"January 2, 1898.—At Sunday-school this morning was called on for the opening prayer. After preaching, communion followed, which was the second I have partaken in eighteen months, the other being at the New Mexico Mission Conference."

"January 6th.—Spent all evening settling things and putting on the finishing touches. Am tired to-night, but satisfied with my three days' work, and believe mama will be pleased."

"January 7th.—Spent all morning working in the yard. Had a big bonfire, and then everything looked fine. Mama came safe and sound this evening."

"January 12th.—Read a little, but watched and talked to mama as she has been sewing for me."

"January 20th.—Mama started home, and I trust will have a safe trip, as she goes straight through. Have been lonesome this afternoon. Am tired, and have been resting hard. Drop back to routine work mechanically."

"January 27th.—This afternoon Miss S—— called a moment, and left me a nice piece of fruit-cake, with some magazines, also inviting me to call. I appreciate the kindness, for the rarity has made it conspicuous in my experience."

"January 31st.—Had a miserable night last night, being feverish and wakeful, waking three times before midnight, and twice as many after. Day beautiful. Rather warm, and no wind. No fire to-night, it being bet-

ter for my health to sit with an ulster over my shoulders."

"February 1st.—H—— is a great reader and a thoughtful, discriminating one. It makes me desirous of reading better when I see how much he gets that I do not. There are but few whom I meet with whom I care to talk about my reading, and those few rarely appreciate religious themes."

"February 6th.—Did not go to church because of cough, fear of close air, and lack of energy."

"February 10th.—Imagine my surprise when papa walked in on me this evening. All favor my going home."

CHAPTER V

Notes by the Way

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."—Ps. CXXI, 8.

"Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still."
—HEBER.

THE quotations as given in this chapter have been selected from letters, diaries, notebooks, and miscellaneous writings, and reflect his opinions and observations on varied questions. They cover a wide range of subjects, for he wrote freely and discussed topics of every sort—both of personal and general interest.

Influence

"Sometimes the greatest successes have been achieved when the aftermath apparently revealed failure. Who can tell but that the

influence following some apparently unsuccessful labor will set in motion greater agencies for the advancing of the kingdom of God among men than some more auspicious in material results? So I think we make great mistakes in trying to judge the value of our efforts for God."

"I hope the Epworth League will gird up the loins of their activity. I do not know why it is we, as Christians, are so apathetic in our work unless it be we do not appreciate our faith and position. Surrounded by such materialistic influences, we seem to drift with them rather than vigorously oppose them. I speak of the generality."

"At League meeting, Mr. S—— spoke of welcoming the strangers within our gates. When will we learn, as Churches and Leagues, that a cordial welcome to strangers will do more to win their attendance, and thus secure their salvation, than any other one thing? For how can they be helped unless they are present? The devil is smart here. Why not we? I am too loyal to my own denomiation,

or would be tempted to make the rounds of the churches, and attend the one where I was made most welcome."

"I am writing this in the reading-room and library which I find here in Albuquerque, a very congenial lounging-place. It is a fine, large room, is quiet, well-ventilated, and has much current literature. Its hours are from 1 to 10 P. M. It is the only one I have encountered in the Territory. Really, there is positively no place for young men to spend their evenings in these towns except the saloon. Of these there are legion, and here one encounters the seductive gambling games. Many of these saloons are fitted up with everything to attract. I have watched the gambling in several places, and I do not wonder that so many venture money that way, for it looks as though they must win; but experience usually favors the gambler. It looks very much as though the devil had pretty nearly all the stray people here fast."

"I think that if girls realized what an influence for good they could exert over boys

by kindly, sincere, and good words and actions, more of them would endeavor to develop deeper and more womanly traits, that, when recognized, are such a power for good."

Reading

"I read over some of our grand old hymns, and I find some good, deep sentiments therein expressed. What a mistake our young people make in supplanting these with the doggerel that too often is found in newer books!"

"I find the Bible becoming very interesting as I thoughtfully study it. Have just finished 1 John, looking up carefully the references and searching for the hidden truths. I have enjoyed the Bible in this way more than ever. I am underlining points that particularly interest me, or words that bring out the meaning most clearly. In this way I will be able to read any special verses without reading whole chapters, for the underlining makes them stand out."

"Last week I read 'Ben Hur;' now I am reading Smiles on 'Character.' Sunday, read

Fletcher's 'Perfection.' How companionable good reading is, for the thoughts stay by one all the time!"

"That book 'Pushing to the Front' is doing me a world of good. It has the ring of pure gold about it. There is an inspiration in it that I have found in few books. I am not unmindful, though, that to me its suggestions are like seed falling into good ground. The style is clear and concise. It is more interesting than a novel, and is not heavy reading. It exactly fills a need I have felt for years, and I think it is what most young people want."

Devotion

"Our pastor preached us a real nourishing sermon yesterday from Acts iv, 31. . . . 'And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.' Such sermons really strengthen one, and make us better for life's duties. Lectures and elaborate rhetoricals in the pulpit may suit the casual hearer; but I go to church to be strengthened spiritually, and nothing does

it like a plain, strong, gospel sermon filled with the Spirit."

"I pray especially for you all, for I believe there is efficiency in prayer. When we need and ask for help, the assurance is that we have it. My faith and confidence in God all rests in Christ. My own righteousness is all against me, but I rest in the atonement."

"Selling my horse is a direct answer to prayer. The matter has worried me much of late, and I laid it before God, asking for relief, and it has come. Bless his name!"

"How much the Church needs the talented and competent young men to carry on her work instead of the well-meaning but inefficient! Of course, all are needed, but the former particularly."

"The Church needs Pentecostal Christians, filled with the Holy Ghost, ready for every good work."

"Personally, I believe it is true that too little regard is now had to the sacredness of the Sabbath. For my part, I want to abstain from all known wrong, and improve the day

for spiritual growth. I want the day to be distinctly religious. Hence I shall abstain from shaving, shoe blacking, secular reading, riding in public conveyances, getting mail (this I never did), and other things commonly accepted as being in opposition to a really deep religious experience. I will try to cultivate an earnest seeking after things divine, and try to make each Sabbath a stepping-stone to bring me nearer Christ. I want to be consistent in refusing to do all things not promotive of highest spiritual edification. God help in my purpose to live and to do right regardless of surroundings! I want to realize my individual responsibility to God more and more—to do what I know to be right, even if I must stand alone in my action."

"Father, to do thy perfect will
Is my supreme desire;
Thy servant with thy Spirit fill,
Cause me to come up higher.

Bring me into whatever place
That thou canst use me best;
Bless with thine all-sufficient grace,
And give me perfect rest."

"Two incongruous things which occurred on Sunday:

"1. A young lady, with a Bible under her arm, getting a drink of soda-water on her way home from church.

"2. A man carrying a bag of fruit, just purchased, on Sunday, in the same hand with a copy of the *Sunday-school Times*."

"To-day has been a good day, and I feel stronger for it. I want strong spiritual food on Sundays, not variety."

Casuistry

"Why should we say grace before every meal? I notice few ministers or Christians do. I always do, but am not positive I could defend it ably. Why are not our thanks implicitly understood by God without constantly repeating them? or why should we single out food specially to thank God for at the time it is given, and not other things also at the time? Why is it some good men and thinkers do and some do not?

Faith and Perseverance

"That I am better, considering the exposure I have seen, the weather I have passed through, the grub I have had, and everything, is exceedingly gratifying. I am glad for the experience, but am resolved to profit by it by not repeating it. This experience, summed up, is that New Mexico climate is not so very superior to interior and Southern California. Days for days, by actual comparison, my observation has reconciled me to Southern California, climatically, and that is the only way there is any correct comparison."

"If Brother O—— could know how discouraged I get occasionally I think he would discount my 'bravery.' I do not think that I am doing much, if any more, than any one would for life, so that makes rather a selfish struggle out of it. 'Fight on' is a good motto Dr. Buckley gave me. I am like a brakeless wagon on a hill—must keep fighting ahead, or there will be descent."

"I can contemplate any phase of possible

occurrence now with the calmest quiet. It is a revelation to me how calmly I can now consider the greatest questions that a year ago I approached with trepidation. My faith in God's providence and my confidence in Christ have deepened and been working a peace none the less sure because unperceived at each step of growth. My foundation is sure, and the everlasting arms are around me, and I can fear no evil. Praise the Lord for his work in me!"

"Like Abraham, I have no continuing city, but I believe it is as well so under the circumstances. I believe I have given every place where I have been a fair trial, and do not feel any compunction when compelled, in my judgment, to pass on. I never will be satisfied until I get to California, and once there, will stay and die there, but not till good old age comes if I can help it. So every move is gratifying."

Correspondence

"Your letter to me came this afternoon. Glad you are well and busy, both real bless-

ings which we do not appreciate at near their worth while we are in their full enjoyment, I fear, judging from personal experience."

"What a dreary world this would be if our only mode of communication with each other were the voice and personal presence! How the pen and mail-carrier have come to add to life's pleasures and open a channel for love and inspiration to flow to the absent! The traveler, often lonesome and footsore, finds letters from home the best balm for his body and heart. What uneasiness the absence of loved ones would cause if no medium offered its ready and rapid help to bridge the distance! The pen and post are among the best products of civilization."

Christian Optimism

"Thanks be to God, for his hand is in this matter. He is my dependence and my supporter. I rejoice in the gains; for they indicate, if continued, that God is raising me up for usefulness."

"Spiritually and every other way I am an optimist. I can not help but be. Any one

experiencing the blessings God has been giving me lately could not help it. I am as sure of my title to heaven, through Christ's mercy, as I am of present existence."

"My one desire in life is that I may fill the place God would have me fill day by day. I know my trouble has been, and is, overlooking the day before me, in a measure, and anticipating the future. To wait—how hard it is, and yet how necessary that we let God unfold our lives instead of trying to force things! How easy to question, why this, or why that, in our lives! I want to learn the lesson of patience, and so will take it now, while on the desert. I am beginning to get more reconciled to my position in life, and am looking at it philosophically. I firmly believe in the ruling of God over this material world. If he has work for me, he will allow me to prepare myself for it. I have committed myself fully to him, and am content to let him direct. He knows my heart's desire, and I am satisfied to leave my case with him. My prayer is really and truly, 'Thy will be done.'

What contentment there is when our lives are hid with Christ in God! I do rejoice in sonship."

"To-day I have been busy. The day has been busy, and hence I have been happy. Duty well done is happiness."

"Some of the people here think the coming of Christ is very near. I have never thought very much on the subject; but it seems to me that the earth has only been partially developed, and that we are in but the infancy of history, when we contemplate how little we know of natural forces and that we are only making real progress now."

"To-day has been beautiful. There is just such sunshine in my soul, and I can appreciate the beauty of nature now as never before; and, looking behind nature, I see Nature's God, and how lovely! At church this morning I sat on the very front seat, for now I am going to be a front-seat Christian."

"My faith takes a tighter hold on God, and I feel inspired for days to come. Our God is an ever-present one."

"I can't tell you how absorbed I am becoming with religion. I am learning what it is to have communion with God. All through the day my thought dwells on some phase of his work."

"Every day the gospel grows more glorious to me, and my relations with God are dearer. I am continually getting clearer glimpses of Him who died for me, and who intercedes for me with the Father. It is glorious, and far exceeds previous expectations. A service of love soon eliminates fear of the law, I find. My experience is, 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.' Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!"

"I do n't think the usual run of people fall into places that entirely fit them to begin with. After we get our aim, all we can do is to shoot at it. If we make up our minds as to a course we will pursue, I believe getting in line means reaching the height of our ambition, sooner

than waiting, ready to drop into the vacant place we want when it is vacant, providing for the contingency, if we can drop."

"I was so surprised at the suddenness of Brother C——'s death. In the prime of life, with such good ability, it seems unexplainable. How uncertain life is! The most unexpected ones give way, while those whose lives hang in the balance often reach threescore years and ten. As I think more of life and its mysteries, and of the great future, the fear of death is lacking to me. While it is good to live, yet to Christians death should not be so awful, since it is but entering upon a larger and more peaceful life. If it were not for our relations to others and the obligations we owe their happiness, I think we would often long for the cessation of life's inequalities. The hope of the great hereafter gives me assurance such as enables me to feel 'Thy will be done' in all things concerning me."

True Perspective

"Fear is cowardice. It has no place in a Christian life. Faith and love must over-

power and cast it out. A pure heart is essential to the driving out of fear. Any hidden sin cultivates fear. We should be honest in our religion, so that we can look our own self honestly in the face. Then we need fear no man. We must realize the grandness of our religion, believe and feel its truth and its manliness, then we will not cowardly treat it as a small thing. O Time! O Eternity! How the former blinds us to the vastness of the latter! What a depth of thought lies behind those two words, and how important that our limited comprehension should be true so far as it goes!"

"I see that it does not pay to trust feelings in regular duties; but one should follow convictions of judgment regardless of feelings."

"I am learning by degrees to live to-day, and to leave the next day's work until it is to-day's."

"To-day I pass my twenty-first milestone. Now law recognizes me as a man. I do not feel more manly than before. Life is marked by epochs rather than years, it seems to me,

and they disregard years. Am thankful to have lived so long. God is good to me."

"How overwhelmingly does an eternity with Christ overbalance an uncertain space, at most threescore and ten years, of sensual pleasure, with the sting unremoved! Dear Father, I want to embody in my life all Christian virtues. Thou knowest my frailties, but thou hast promised to be my strength. 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.' So, leaning on this assurance, I will lead a life which will include these elements. Help me to realize, if I live each moment aright, that thou dost put all together and build character. We don't live our life all at once, but merely fragments of it day by day, which, when completed, comprise life."

CHAPTER VI

Extracts from Letters Home—Growth in Faith

"Conflicts bring experience, and experience brings that growth in grace which is not attained by any other means."
—SPURGEON.

EARLY in life, writing was easy and natural to Will. During the years of his absence from home, letters opened a ready and accurate means of expressing his thoughts and observations. Every perplexity was freely and fully put on paper. The extracts from letters which follow are from those written to his parents or sister. Only enough of these are given to furnish the reader a faithful transcript of the phases of thought through which he passed, with his conclusions.

By reference to the notes concerning his life, as given in connection with the diaries,

time, place, and circumstances will easily be traced. These extracts are only a tithe of the number which these years brought to the fireside, and added no little comfort and edification to those from whom his enforced absence was a sore trial.

"November 11, 1894—*Redlands, Cal.*—Will do as you say about confessing Christ through my letters. I feel that I am making advancement daily. I am willing to do anything for Christ that he will lead me into. Am so glad I have lightened your hearts by my course, and want to help you. I will, by publicly confessing my allegiance to Christ, and privately, as may seem best, so identify myself as his disciple that the retreat shall be speedily closed. My life is his for service. This I have now vowed, and each day finds my love for him increasing. I can now see why I never succeeded religiously before. I did not have the power. Now I am conscious of a salvation that saves from sin, and gives peace, happiness, and overflowing joy."

(His experience immediately following this

will be found in his letter to his cousin, Chapter XI.)

"December 4th.—I am hanging on by faith to the promises of God, and find great help in various ways. My thoughts are being directed into new channels, and I view things very differently from what I once did. I know God has cleansed me from sin and given me a new heart, and I am writing my good news in every letter. The devil is after me, and I find him watching me very closely. He tells me I have only thought I have come into a new experience, and I find myself on my guard continually. Sometimes I have feeling, and often not, but am claiming full salvation by faith, and trusting God for the emotional experience. I have a feeling that God wants me for the ministry if he restores my health, and I have made up my mind fully that if he does restore my health and opens the way, I will follow his directions in this respect. As I see the possibilities of life I have a greater desire than ever to live, and yet, if it should be his will otherwise, I can face death unflinch-

ingly; for death has lost its sting, and I know that cessation of life on earth is only leaving an inferior sphere for one of immaculate glory. Paul's words, 'For me to live is Christ, to die is gain,' express my feelings exactly. Glory to God for a redemption so full and free! As I have been carefully and prayerfully reading Arthur's 'Tongue of Fire,' I have been wonderfully held and thrilled. Not long ago such reading would have been prosy; now it is delightful. I have been making notes on helpful passages. So far as I have read, I have been very much impressed with the necessity of being filled with the Holy Ghost. I do have a consciousness of God's presence with me, and it thrills me with happiness I can not express. I am sure my feet are on the Rock, and, come what will, I am safe. Some way or other, I feel God has some field of usefulness for me to fill, and that he is going to spare me to fill it. The hymns commencing, "Lord, in the strength of grace," and "My times are in thy hand," express my position."

After quoting a large number of Scripture passages which had been of great value to him in his personal experience, he says:

"December 10th.—If we can claim these promises to us personally, we should find relief from all cares. It is not bringing our burdens to God, but leaving them there, that relieves us. That was impressed upon me by a chapter in the 'Christian's Secret.' I believe if you would cast all your cares upon him, and believe that he takes them, you would find rest. Our weakness is his strength. The slip you sent me, 'Perfect through Suffering,' is perhaps good; but I do n't believe that necessarily 'by causing suffering he does it to bring us close to him.' I think that suffering does naturally bring us nearer Christ, but much of it we can trace as natural results of natural causes."

"December 21st.—I want you each to get something you want as a Christmas memento from me. I will be disappointed if you do n't. Tell me what you each get. Ten per cent of

the thirty dollars is the tithe the Lord gets; for such is to be my rule in life. Of course, I 'll give it by the usual collections."

"December 22d.—This Christmas will have more significance to me than any previous one; for a realization of what Christ's death on Calvary has made possible for me and for all comes to me now with great force. I am so thankful that I know so much of the lowly Christ, and that I have been taught to revere him and his teachings, although I have not always done so. Thanks be to God, that time is forever past! Instead of finding it a cross to confess him, it is now a pleasure, and I lose no opportunity of doing so. Once there was indefiniteness about things religious; but now, as I have read, listened, and followed the bidding of the Holy Ghost, I have come into a high and heavenly and real heart-religion. No longer all head, but now a mixture, with a predominance of heart. I realized there was nothing I could do to merit heart-cleansing, so I threw myself unreservedly on God's prom-

L. of C.

ises, and claimed this sanctification by faith. He immediately brought me peace, and since then I have held on by faith, and his presence abides with me."

"December 31st.—As I look back over the year while I write, and the events stand out before my eyes, I can see how much I have to be thankful for, how good God has been to me, and how he has guided me and opened out the way before me. As a particular case of Providential direction I call up the trip papa and I took to the mountains, and how the way opened for me to go there. And so other incidents come to mind, and all make me feel how deeply I am indebted to God. I am so glad that I can enter upon the new year (D. V.) with an eye single to God's glory, a body and soul sanctified from sin, and a determination to live as close to God as is possible. With the new year I have no table of resolutions to formulate; for I am living daily as consistent a Christian life as I can. I recognize the leadings of the Spirit, and, to some degree, his presence. I am learning to

lean upon him for daily needs. There is great satisfaction to me in the thought that I live by the moment, not day by day, or week by week. I see new things daily in his Word. I know by the peace that passeth understanding, by the change he has wrought in my thoughts, my motives, and actions, that he dwells in me. The Christianity and happiness I seek is practical, which shows forth in the life a practical power that uplifts men and sets them to correcting themselves and helping others.

"January 3, 1895.—I made my first pastoral call New-Year's afternoon for Rev. I——. I do feel drawn to the ministry, and if God raises me up from this sickness, I will follow his bidding. I have no plans except as he directs. Have felt that I was losing valuable time being out of school, and so want to improve it in the most helpful way. When I am restored to health, you can rest assured I will need no spurring on to go to school. I realize how much I have to learn, and am only anxious to get at it.

'The children of the Lord
Have a right to shout and sing,
For the way is growing bright,
And our souls are on the wing.
Glory to God! Hallelujah!'

This is my experience. Brighter and better. I am getting closer to the throne each day, and feel my power increasing. How rich the Bible is in promises, and how appropriately they fit into our experience, helping us to clinch facts!"

"January 28th.—During the last week, I am afraid, I have been needlessly burdened with care for myself. As I have been thinking of the proper course to be followed physically, I have thought anxiously of my body, more than I ought, and have loosened my faith in God as a bodily preserver. Now, as I see my lack of faith, I have thrown myself more entirely upon him. My body, diseased though it is, is his; and I am relying on him to guide me into the way he wants me to go. I am going to follow the course that seems best to us, and then trust him to do the rest. Life is so sweet, and I do want to be spared to

honor him in my body. Nevertheless, I can say, 'Thy will be done;' for he knows best. As I see things now, this moment, I have been wishing to hurry myself, physically, mentally, and spiritually. Growth is by degrees, and I will try to drive that into my mind. Great as has been my advance in spiritual matters in the last few weeks, it seems to me that I am more and more deficient. I want a faith that will lift me above the surrounding circumstances, which are so variable, and make me conquer in all things. Though I realize God is with me, and is all in all, yet I hunger for higher places in Christ. Is it not natural for a truly sanctified person to have these cravings? Do we need to doubt the genuineness of the work of sanctification because the heavens sometimes are as brass above us? I have in no way been retrograding since I pressed into the kingdom; but with increased knowledge I see my shortcomings. My one desire is to honor Christ by my life, and strive daily to do it. He does help me in my life."

"February 2d.—Since writing in my last of

my determination to stick by my present course, I laid the matter before God, and determined to leave it there, and since then have enjoyed peace. I am just as conscious of his taking the burden as I can be, and will leave the present and future to him, trusting him entirely, and accepting whatever comes as his bidding."

"February 14th.—In my religious life the question continually comes up, since James says, 'Faith without works is dead,' I am wondering what 'works,' in my case, surrounded as I am, would mean? I want to live a consistent, practical Christian life; to keep myself free from impurity of thought and deed, and to act as I know I should. But is this enough? What should be my attitude towards my fellow creatures? How advance Christ's cause among those with whom I am brought into contact? All this is very new to me, to be personally seeking to advance Christianity, and I hardly know how I should go at it. As to arguing, I hardly feel that I am on secure enough a base of spiritual

knowledge. Experimentally I can speak. I want to be of use now; for the present is all the time we are sure of. How to render the best service gives me more questioning than any yet encountered. I see my imperfections more each day, and am afraid that they must be so apparent as to hinder my usefulness. I pray God that he may help me in my weakness and make me strong by his power. I am trying to break from slang [he used very little of it] and superfluous verbiage. I find it hard, and am so often overcome, but still strive on. As I read in Psalm xvii, 3, the other day, 'I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.' In trying to live consistently in the sight of different-tempered persons, I feel somewhat of a restraint and unnaturalness. I am so very careful on all points that it is at the expense of a perfectly natural manner. On the subjects of innocent sports and a good time I agree with some who are not so specially religious, and disagree with some who are more mystical and not, to me, so practical. Perhaps the latter may think me frivo-

lous. I want to live my profession consistently before both classes; but to do so causes restraint. How can I remedy it? I want to live a happy Christian."

"March 21st.—The past two weeks have been trying ones to me in different ways. First, the changeable weather has been wearing; then 'Nothing-to-do' has got in its deadly work. My ambition has been temporarily overcome, and I have had to fight gloomy thoughts; and yet withal I have a firm hold on Christ, and trust him to bring all out for the best. Were it not for my hope in Christ and hope in his promises, I must have long since become discouraged. How blessed are his promises that strengthen us for the dark hours of trial and weakness! I have tasted and seen that the Lord is good, and now, when the clouds seem dark, feel no desire to distrust him. Rather, I feel my needs more, and am being brought closer to him. That beautiful hymn in our Hymnal commencing 'How gentle God's commands,' is so full of comfort to me. New truths and new meanings

constantly flash over my understanding, bringing in with them light and hope."

In closing his monthly testimony to the young people, he says: "I am very much interested in the meetings in progress, and am praying that during them my young friends may be led into the deeper experience, where love, not law, is the controlling power in their Christian lives. Then service is a delight, and an abiding peace displaces fear and doubt."

CHAPTER VII

Letters Continued—Self-Revelations

> To me alone there came a thought of grief:
> A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
> And I again am strong. —WORDSWORTH.

JULY 5, 1895—*Santa Cruz Mountains.*—Within the past few weeks since my sickness, I have fully given everything to God in a renewed, sweeping consecration. That sickness was an eye-opener to me in many respects. It showed me principally that, theoretically, my faith in God was great; but in the practical test I was lacking. I was fully sincere, as I have been always since November 4, '94; but, for some reason or other, my faith refused, because of my unbelief, to lift me up into the blessedness that might have been mine then. Ever since, as my eyes have been opened to the weak places, I have looked at the matter as it is, and where I sinned through

unbelief, have condemned that in me; and with Christ's aid and the Holy Spirit I am building a practical, tried structure on a solid foundation that can and will stand any vicissitudes. I believe in being honest with myself and calling and confessing sins by their right names instead of trying to cover them; so I have made up my mind to keep close watch on myself, and keep close to the practical in religion. I am going to try and test all that is reasonable in advanced Christianity, proving and holding on to what I find is good. I want a solid Christianity that I can recommend to others, saying so and so is so, because I have tried it and know. I think there is a tendency, among evangelists particularly, to encourage people to claim more than they have, especially regarding sanctification. I think that for people who are ignorant, comparatively speaking, to claim the highest blessing of Christianity without understanding its extent, as is clearly shown by too many lives that belie the claims put forth, is wrong and discreditable to the cause. I think I forfeited

my claim to that experience by ignorant unbelief when sickness tested me. But since then, with increased light and intelligence on the subject, I have confessed my shortcomings, and by faith have again come into the experience. I might, however, if I had not been so determined to learn to profit by my failure, and to push on, have concluded that I had never enjoyed the experience, or else had forfeited it through sin. My own experience, you see, has been the means of turning me towards my opinion to test and understand before I undertake new opportunities and professions.

"Will such a policy be apt to bring me under condemnation as being slow to believe? I intend always to be progressive and to aim at the highest attainments in a modest way, but find I have a disposition to look into and understand and weigh new problems carefully before incorporating them into my experience or claims. I don't doubt fundamentals nor discredit orthodoxy in the least, but I do want to know all the whys and where-

fores about things. I will tell you why. Besides, for my own satisfaction, I want a reason for the faith that is in me, so that I can confidently back up my position with good arguments and proofs, in order that I may intelligently persuade men to Christ. It takes me aback to have persons question me about things I ought to know in religion, and find me ignorant, and it impairs my usefulness; for I can not talk to many as I would like to about their souls, since I could be so easily tripped up, that they would say they did not care to follow myths, imaginations, and the like. I realize the necessity of being thoroughly posted on all religious claims if we are going to convince people of the reality of religion. I think the tendency is to vagueness in religious instruction. Perhaps I might better say that too much phraseology is used in it that seems rather expressionless; but really when we try to get at it, we do n't know just where we are. For instance, in the verse, 'Changed from glory into glory,' I had an idea I knew what that meant, but, while often

repeating it, it never had other than an indefinable, hazy meaning. I have since learned, to my increased edification, it means, 'Changed from character to character.' Our ideas of religion will never be correct or helpful until we put them in the simplest possible form. I believe one should be an intelligent Christian, claiming nothing he does not positively possess. The whole trend of my mind is along theological lines. I feel assured that God calls me to work for him, and I have begun. If he spares my life and raises me to health, he is to have the benefit of my best devotion in any way he opens up. I do not say, 'Lord, make me well, and I will serve you;' but, 'Lord, here I am for service. Use me to-day, to-morrow, all the time. My life is thine forever, whether for six months or sixty years.' I believe God orders my life. I accept everything as from him. I can not begin to express the happiness full and overflowing that this glorious Christ brings me. An ever-present Comforter removes all my loneliness. What changes have come in my

life! Then it was uneasiness, despondency, aimlessness, and general dejection; now it is happiness, definiteness of aim, family love, good conscience, and a firm hope of eternal life. What has wrought the change? Nothing but the love of God shed abroad in my heart. Anything that can make such a change in me in nine months is real. It is true, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.' My plan is, if health permits, to get a first-class classical education, and then bend every effort to use my talents for Christ. That is my ambition, and with it as an incentive, beckoning me upward, I think I am ready, and even now fighting my disease with an iron will. I am beginning to get Dr. Buckley's determination, not to die. 'Never say die!' must be my new motto."

"July 15th.—The past three months, including my sickness, have been of great progress. I have seen myself in clearer light than ever before, and also gotten correct views of what is necessary to make me closer in resemblance to my Divine Pattern and the cause of failure

before. Better than all, I have the determination to eradicate all that is sinful at whatever cost to self. I have come closer to Christ in thought and life, and the contact has brought greater happiness than ever. I am learning that the Christian pathway is ever an ascent. Like a wagon going up hill, it must be kept advancing, or it will retrograde. These things that are trying to the flesh I am beginning to recognize as stepping-stones to higher attainments. They have been weights heretofore, holding me down; but now I see that they may be the means of developing my character. I am learning the lesson of being content with my lot in life, and to make the most of it, knowing it is the way God intended for me."

"August 12th.—My lonely life has made my nature more sensitive. My thoughts are very active, and make me discerning. I can not help it. I live largely by myself, you folks being my only confidants. I keep my own counsel, and no one knows much of me, excepting my own family and a few corre-

spondents. I am slow to make friends, feeling my time is better spent with good books. I am becoming an excellent judge of human nature, taking much pleasure in studying those I meet, and getting from them all the information I can. I see no gain in talking to outsiders about my health; for, as a rule, they could do me no good, and it is depressing to be condoled with. Then I want, as far as possible, to forget myself and disease. I am sure my sickness did me good. True, I am behind in school knowledge, but ahead in character. I have learned to scorn all wrong, and, without boasting, except to give God the glory, can say I have lived an upright, correct life since last November. I have not willfully done wrong."

"August 15th.—I am spiritually standing with naked faith on a naked promise. I know whom I have believed, but he seems to have withdrawn his presence from me for a time. I am off the mountain and in the valley. I am not discouraged, for I know he is behind the cloud; and when it is removed his presence

will only be the brighter and nearer. The past week has been a very trying one to me. It has shown me my weakness; for I never supposed I could so lose my self-control. It is that which hurts me. I am so glad Jesus took upon himself our nature, so that he can sympathize with us and understand us fully. Sometimes I do feel so lonely. Your letters are such a help to me."

"September 2d.—In my religious experience I know that feelings are not reliable; but I think that there is a peace and quietness that is fairly reliable, and when that is gone something is wrong. All is peace and quiet in my heart. I have had a conflict, the nature of which you can not know, but have gained the victory. It came yesterday, and now I am resolutely looking to God for help to continue."

"September 17th.—I have been growing in grace wonderfully this last week. My reading has enlightened me and helped me into brighter light. Am trying to incorporate my new ideas into my life as soon as I am satis-

fied that they are helpful and practicable. What blessed companionship good books are! I do so appreciate them, and have determined never to waste my time on light reading. Am thankful that I never acquired the habit of trashy reading and never filled my mind with rubbish. I do enjoy my quiet hours of reading each day. God's Word is now a delight to me, and also prayer—the outpouring of my sympathetic soul to God's great heart. The kingdom of God is now in my heart, so I merely breathe a thought to God, and he hears. O, the blessedness of this assurance! Please tell me how your call to the ministry came. I want to learn on this point."

"December 12th—*Palm Springs, Cal.*—I think it is a fact that, in spite of all our ideas of what we wish we were and had, we will find hereafter, when 'we shall know as we are known,' that God has ordered our steps in all regards. It is within our province even here to gladly accept that as a fact; and so, 'giving thanks always,' we can go through life cheerfully and happily, giving and receiving sun-

shine, living continually 'in the sunshine of our Lord.' I am learning some glorious lessons out here with my 'ever-present Friend.' I feel happy and can shout for joy at all times. This, I know, is because the 'love of God is shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost,' and I have thrown and keep every obstacle down. My prayer and constant thought is, 'All for Jesus;' 'None of self, but all of thee.' I can see the evidence of his favor, but am conscious of no feeling of the change. This proves to me that by the work we know him. The presence of Christ in us is not marked by any physical effects; but, thanks be to him, by a steady growth in spiritual things we can realize him by his work in us. You are right. We can not argue Christ; we can but show what he does, and let his works speak. If man goes behind them and scorns, all the talking we can do will not avail. The world seems brighter to me than ever. I have tossed over all burdens and cares, and they are gone to stay. I am making a determined and cheer-

ful fight for health and success in life, and feel strangely certain I shall have them."

"December 20th.—The place does not make the man, but the man the place. With a baptism of fire and originality in method, one's possibilities are not limited. Wise advertising to get the people, and then a straightforward, convincing, simple gospel to hold them, are the things I incline to. If the key to success is nearness to God, what is to hinder that approach? My faith is growing in intensity, and I want to get where I can believe every 'thus saith the Lord.' "

"December 23d.—I wish you a Merry Christmas. I can only send love to you each, and tell you that I want to help you make the ensuing year the happiest of life. I think happiness lies more in appreciation of and thankfulness for what we have than in the acquisition of all we wish. We have the promise, 'All things work together for good,' and I believe it. Personally I feel more abandoned to God than ever and perfectly satisfied

to leave everything to him. My Christmas message is, 'Cheer up!' There are many things we know not now, but we 'shall know hereafter.' "

"December 30th.—Am beginning to feel better in spirits and over that depression of last week. In counting my mercies, I try to be contented. This is a trial of my faith. I will not be lacking. A fruitful cause of my feeling of discontent lies in too much association with the guests, who will talk of their troubles. Sick people are pessimistic, as a rule. The tendency is so great that one must fight hard to keep cheerful. This is in itself hard enough; but keep the spirits depressed by complainings from the outside, and how the burden is increased! So it may be I shall have to keep aloof. At any rate, I shall place the ban on sick-talk, and, if it does no good, I 'll withdraw my company."

"January 2, 1896.—The conditions here are not perfect, but more so than any point I can find for the winter. The difficulty is to keep busy. I plan my time now fully in ad-

vance, so that I have no idle time for Satan to work with. My will has come to my rescue, and I can say, 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.' As long as externals remain favorable, I will see, with Divine help, that internal conditions are not at fault. God 'is a very present help in trouble.' In no other way can I account for the change that has come over me. Where I was halting and unsettled before, now I am contented and rejoicing in triumph. Reading Parker's Bible is a great help. In connection with his summary of Abraham's call to leave his kindred was this thought: 'I would be where God wills. With his blessing the desert shall be as the fruitful field; without it the fruitful field shall mock my appetite, which it tempts, and the rivers shall be as blood in my mouth.' This came to me in my time of unrest, and seemed like such a direct message that it has been a great comfort. I have transcribed it and pinned it to my wall, where I see it many times a day. Your letter of the 30th is full of good seed-thoughts for con-

sideration. My one desire in life is that I may fill the place God would have me fill day by day. I know my trouble has been and is overlooking the day before me, in a measure, and anticipating the future. This morning I walked out about a mile to an alfalfa-field, where is a house and a seat. There, in solitude, I had a blessed season of singing and prayer. Heaven came down my soul to greet, and glory crowned my extemporized mercy-seat. I have been better and happier all day for my half hour up there. I shall make that my regular morning walk for a time, and there rest alone with God. This surely is the best kind of preparation for either life, mortal or immortal. I am ready for either. Blessed be his name!"

"January 13th.—It sometimes seems to me that the loneliness is unbearable. I will try to profit by your suggestions. The lessons you mention are hard. To forget myself is impossible without Divine help. There is no work of any kind I can get to do. Sometimes my religious life seems unreal, and it taxes my

strength to hold fast. Naked faith is all I have now. I cling to it, however, and trust God for aid. He knows me, and I believe, in spite of feeling. 'O God,' my heart cries out, 'help me, or I fail!' I believe he will; but the struggle is hard. Pray for me, that I may remain steadfast. I need your counsels and help; for here I get none. Give me thoughts to think on. I never have experienced such loneliness as here. I am hungry for friends and religious opportunities; but I feel inwardly that I have an opportunity to learn valuable lessons. I want to do so."

CHAPTER VIII

Letters Concluded—Loneliness, Conflicts, Victory

To resign ourselves in suffering to the will of our Heavenly Father is to sit down on the throne of his Son.

—GREENWOOD.

"AUGUST 9, 1896—*Las Vegas, New Mexico.* —Things seem so very quiet here that I have feelings of loneliness. Yesterday I spent quite a while looking at your pictures, and wondering how you were each engaged, and wishing I might be with you. I tell you it takes grace to be patient sometimes. I do so yearn for the advantages that home affords. There is such a deep hungering in my heart for home and what it would be now. When the realization of my heart's ideal is nearer a reality than ever before, I am further away. What queer contradictions our lives are, and yet planned and directed by a kind Providence!

What faith it calls for to always believe it! Now, my greatest stumbling-block—strange what blocks some of us erect to fall over—is removed. My interior and real life looks out upon an unclouded sky. Doubt is gone, and I feel that the past year, while apparently a retrograde, marks a deeper work than ever. I have traversed paths we all do sometimes, I believe, and have been delivered and brought out into a higher place. The experience has not been lost. It makes me stronger. I feel this way now—as though I had been spiritually connected with a spring. The devil had, by temptation, been pressing the spring together. When closely compressed, his power is withdrawn, and, with the impetus of a pent-up spring, I have been shot forward. That best illustrates my feelings. Now I have a deep faith, with intelligence. I know my weaknesses. Head and heart must go together. The Lord has blessed me wonderfully, and I feel encouraged. I intend to cultivate a deep, earnest submission to Christ, and depend upon his leadership. Am ready

to be used. There is a good field for work here, and a work I can do, I believe. My experiences are vivid, and furnish me caution, so I believe in the light of the past I am in the right place in God's own time. There is a fit time for everything; and God knows, in my imperfect way, I have, for over twenty months, tried to follow his leadings. There is a work for me in life, and I yearn to do it. I will use every energy and will to live. I will pray, 'as though all depended upon God (as it does), and work as though it all rested on me,' as some one aptly put it. I am fully resigned to God's will; but if importunity and determined will are factors, both are aroused in me. Prayer, meditation, Bible-reading, and general, sensible reasoning are responsible for my awakening. Then, too, getting into a suitable climate has put me into the way. Physical reacts on mental inner being. As you once said, my salvation, physical and spiritual, are closely interlinked. I believe it, and now I will do my part to prosper both."

"September 10th—*Rociada, New Mexico.* —I am now regarded as a true Christian by all my immediate associates; for a conversation the other day showed me the light in which I am considered. I lose no opportunity to put in a word for the right, and I pray it may be as bread cast upon the waters."

"October 13th.—I spend my time quietly. Do some hunting, but am not doing much that would deplete strength. My studies are my hardest work, and those I circumscribe to keep within bounds. I have a real passion for study; and if I am, as I hope to be, permitted to re-engage in scholastic pursuits, sometime I will appreciate the opportunities. I often think of you at home, and my thoughts and prayers are with and for you. Life surely is a mystery. As I retrospect my thoughts at times, I find many things at which to wonder. Why? is often on my lips; but I know all is for the best. My hope is that our stormy days are over for a time, and that we may soon enjoy a happy future together. It is not in

my heart to complain at my lot, but to thankfully receive His blessings and trust him to lead me and keep me close to himself."

"October 25th.—The condition of things is very much as usual with us here. Potatoes were dug before the storm. To-morrow will see the commencement of work on the grain, and it will be pushed as rapidly as possible. Doubtless an all-wise God orders the seasons for the best, and I think it behooves man to accept gracefully what he can not alter. The comparison between the way in which Christians and non-Christians take the same things is plainly seen by me now as I behold the latter class in their every-day life. There is a vast difference between Christian and other homes; and the favor is for the former."

"December 10th.—I am very much interested in my theological reading, and by the time six months are gone, expect to have read all the books I brought, which will have greatly clarified my thoughts. If I dared, I could easily spend most of my time reading and writing, but I rigidly adhere to my orig-

inal plan of confining it to certain hours. I think I am really accomplishing more this winter than for some years, and know I have greater restfulness of mind and body."

January 24, 1897.—"By the *Call* I see Mr. S—— has new honor in being selected on the intercollegiate debate. At one time I felt that I would like to compete and try to distinguish myself thus; but now I feel that I am away behind and losing whatever gift of speech I may have had. Still I try to comfort myself by believing that all things will yet work for my good, whatever that may be. How much faith it does take! I am sometimes tempted to consider my religious life a failure, but I successfully combat that. As I receive no religious help from any one here, and have no religious privileges, I feel their worth. Day succeeds day with the same duties, and there is nothing I find to do religiously to stimulate life. However, I try to learn something each new day that may help in the future. Much of my walk is by naked faith in naked promises; but God knows best. I have much

to try me here, and want to be close to the heart of Christ. I wish I had a casuist to run me about a year; for my mental struggles are very severe. I presume it is intended, however, that we should each fight our own battles and develop our own lives."

"January 27th.—Yesterday I spent a pleasant morning by myself. Sang hymns and read and got more encouragement and help from above than often when I have had more advantages, seemingly, around me. I begin to see that we can be able to draw from our Source really and truly as well one place as another. I think I am learning more about true religion here where I have to depend upon God and study than ever I did before. . . . I am beginning to wonder if a change of life would n't do me good, at least worth the trial. That old nightmare is hard to fight off; viz., the desire to keep studying. I feel I am away behind my age in book lore, and must make the most of my time, or be in school until I am old. If I were ready for college, I would feel better; but at least two

years would be required before entering college, thus six years before ready for special preparation. With educational advantages, I feel I can make my mark; and so it seems hard to wait. This is my great trial; I can say, God knows best, but to believe it and rest peacefully is the rub. This is a constantly-recurring battle, and never a week goes by that I do n't have to fight it. It is the severest trial of my faith, and one I can not give its final quietus; for up it will bob."

"February 7th.—I am spending more time in Bible-study. Spend half an hour in the morning on the history, and after luncheon the same on devotional, with prayer."

At this time he came to the conclusion it would be better for him to try the vicinity of Denver, and presents some of the reasons leading to that view. The letter was written from New Mexico the last of January, 1897:

"First, I need some social life, which I can not have in such a place as this. Second, I would be greatly helped in my spiritual life by religious means of grace and an oppor-

tunity to engage in some field of work. Third, the variety a hustling city would give and the endless changes of scene would be of no small use as an educator, field for thought and occupation, and a chance to forget my troubles. Fourth, a *home*-like Christian home, where I could chore around and be generally useful (paying my board, of course), would give an ease and happiness I have not known in all my travels. If I could settle down in such a home and make it permanent, it is what I could get comfort out of. I know I would do vastly better than enduring the discomforts and rubs I have met. Fifth, I am now ready to settle down, thinking this Rocky Mountain region contains my fate. To settle down, one must have the elements that make it possible, and I do not see where they better combine than in a suburb of Denver. I have pretty nearly arrived at man's estate, according to the legal phrase, and I try to bear myself as a man should, turning down obstacles and pushing ahead; but I have so long deprived myself of everything for cli-

mate that I fear I have done so as long as I can. There is such a hunger for the things I have mentioned that I can not stave it off much longer. Sometimes my heart seems ready to break of yearning, and my head to burst as I resolutely move on. Many 's the day in the last two years I could have longed for release from the struggle, but I banished the thought as a weak temptation and not worthy of a true Christian. Do you really wonder that I so long for a little enjoyment after such a long struggle? I have rarely said anything about how I appreciate the opportunities you give me of testing the climate, etc., that many do not enjoy. I often thank God for my undeserved mercies and blessings, and ought to thank you, the mediums through which they flow in this line. I am never unmindful or ungrateful, but the opposite. I never will forget, if I live a hundred years, one incident that I often think of. Last spring, a year ago, when I was sick in Santa Cruz, and after Dr. B—— despaired of my life, papa and I were out riding one after-

noon. We were talking, and with deepest emotion he said, if it were possible, he would gladly give up his life for me. The circumstances, the sincerity, the feeling, so deeply impressed me. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' I know this is the attitude both of you have had toward me, and I feel so ashamed that I am so unworthy of that love and have reciprocated it so poorly. My prayer is that we may be long spared to each other for mutual profit and help."

"April 27th—*Phœnix, Arizona.*—'Pushing to the Front' and Thomson's 'Educational Essays' are stimulating my moral fabric. 'I can and will' is the motto I again start under, and, God willing, I am going to make a determined, aggressive fight from now on against spiritual, moral, and physical enemies. My strength is weakness, but in our weakness is his strength revealed."

"May 1st.—I received a very sad letter from Mrs. M——, speaking of her deceased daughter. It is a sad blow to her, and she

is crushed, seeming to feel the humanity of it without a corresponding degree of the Divine sympathy. That seems to be so natural while grief is fresh. Should God, in his providence, call me in advance of you, I would like to impress you with the happy anticipations I expect to realize in heaven. With so much joy in store, why should we break our happiness by inordinate grief for those who have gained so much? There is so much evidence around me of frail mortality that I can but have my thoughts constantly above. I am ready to meet my Lord, and can look calmly beyond the veil, where is my mansion."

"May 11, 1897.—Your letter was received yesterday morning. When you write Mrs. S——, convey my best wishes, and tell her I appreciate her kind interest and good wishes. Someway it makes the loneliness here seem greater to know there are many elsewhere who would be glad to make life pleasant for me if they could. I have had a hard struggle with melancholy and despondent feelings this last week or so, and am not yet out of the woods,

though I am determined to keep them down. They are never killed, and are always ready to come up when they get a chance, but ordinarily I am successful in keeping the best face out. Two things have started matters this time: bad symptoms in health and no success in getting into any work."

"May 20th.—I have no unrest, practically speaking, though constantly wondering what next? I have long ceased to worry, but not to try every expedient I know. I am getting reconciled to delay, but it is trying each day, in a way."

"May 31st.—Now, between you and me alone: It takes all the maneuvering I am capable of to make time pass advantageously. I realize that I have several years more of it at least to spend. I am making the most vigorous fight I can, and feel encouraged to persist, but I honestly believe that the time has come for me to plan for a year or two, and not merely for a season. I need something that will enlist both mind and body. While I may seem changeable in my plans, it is due,

not so much to inconstancy, I think, as to the exigencies of the situation in its relation to my health. Were it not for two things—the grace God gives me and the effect my failure to get health would have on our parents—I believe I would sink once in a great while under the weight that sometimes presses on me. I doubt whether one can know what that is till experienced. Well, to pleasant things. I am in the fight as strong as ever and fully as reasonably encouraged as ever. Now, can't you suggest something to help me? I need help and encouragement occasionally, but none can give it but those dearest to me. I often think I write too much about myself; but, if it is so, it is only because of that desire to make things so plain that you can, in a measure, understand what otherwise, if present, you could see, and so advise intelligently. Were I one of 'the boys' to frequent the saloon, games, cards, etc., as most of them do, it would not be so difficult to find intimate companions, and so relieve my feelings in a way."

"June 17th.—One thing I am certain of: that this year has brought great changes to me. I think I have made my religion practical, and that there has been real growth in Christian virtues. I have been endeavoring to eradicate selfishness with a degree of success. The great growth has come in becoming thoughtful on these things. Having started, progress is sure; for my face is set right. I do not write thus boastfully, but in proof of the sincerity I can not otherwise show. My life has been such a checkered medley that, as I grow older, I am mortified at its memory. Even since I have professed better things I have often shamed myself and called into question my integrity. That I count as gone, and leave with Christ, having accepted his atonement—a work of grace. But how true it is that the results of sin and the memory follow fixed laws! I trust I am sincere in all things; for I begin to hate hypocrisy with a deadly hate. I would rather be humble and honest than otherwise."

"August 7th—*Las Cruces, New Mexico.*—

Continuing along the trend of your letter, I would add a few words. I know that what you say relative to prayer and Bible-reading is true. It is that feeling that makes me dissatisfied with present attainments. I have to combat in my life the result of previously setting myself against religious truth and also the influences of former and present skepticism, which I find so rampant. Things which I know are positive facts occasionally arise in my mind with questionings. Of course, I pay no attention to them, but still they are a source of trouble. If I could get to work in some way to help others, I think I would find my own religious experience growing and clarifying. What to do I do not know, but am praying over it and looking around. One of the ways I thought might assist me is to complete shorthand and learn telegraphy, which might open the way for me to get into some light work part of the day. I am anxious to be able to earn a living, if I have to, before I am ready for my life-work. My present idea is to push shorthand, and trust

to find dictation when ready for it. There are several telegraphers in town, and I think I could get acquainted with one and learn the business. I will not plan for over three hours a day, and that much in a well-ventilated interior will do me no harm. The feeling that I am doing something will make the other time pass better. What do you think of the idea? I believe more and more that the Lord is over and above all things, and that he permits nothing to happen to his own that will not eventually prove to have been for the best. Whether we get the best out of it is another proposition. During the past year I have become more submissive to the Divine will; especially the past few months have I cast my burdens on Him who is strong to deliver. It is so restful to be delivered from all anxiety."

In the fall of 1897 he attended the New Mexico Mission Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, presided over by Bishop McCabe. A little later he wrote to the *California Christian Advocate* his impressions. Soon after he received a letter from one of

the preachers of the Conference criticising his article. Part of his reply, written to the brother, with whom he had formed a very pleasant acquaintance, is as follows:

"What is the matter with me? Why, really no one has remarked anything special. As far as I am a judge, I am in usual health and spirits. I did not even know I had on green goggles, and do not yet. To be serious, I am afraid my innocent little report of the New Mexico Mission Conference as I saw it has had more read into it than was written. If it is not as truthful a report of what occurred as should be and as space permitted, I stand ready to make corrections. As to the selection of items, I am ready to stand by them. As to your being a 'poor lot of little fellows,' who intimated any such thing? You know it is not fair to hit a fellow for what he does not say, or even intimate. Brother, I have been fifteen months in New Mexico, have associated with pastors and Church people, and have looked carefully into the religious situation, and so do feel that my thoughts are

not so superficial as you would infer. I do feel that I am doing no injustice to any one when I express conclusions that come to me from the experience and knowledge I have acquired. Really, I have no animus to the work, but the greatest love; for I intend, some day, if I gain full health of body, to engage in Christian work. That I should report some of the criticisms made, does not mean that I indorse them, does it? If you think the bishops gain all their knowledge of their Conference after they arrive, you do not count several things: the bishops who have been there before and their general knowledge of the Church at large. Bishop McCabe, because of his missionary experience, knew of New Mexico before. With slight modifications, I indorse his general criticisms. Do you not know that a minor key pervaded most of the reports, which would strike a layman quicker than a preacher? I refer to the reports made at Conference. It was first this difficulty and then that one, with so few bright places that I really thought you brethren

(some of you) thought you had the toughest field on earth. Go to Arizona and parts of California, and they have precisely the same indifference, transiency, etc. Now, what you call green goggles is only an absorption of that funereal gloom that I carried off. I intended, at the beginning of the Conference, to write a glowing article on the success of home mission work; but the session killed that feeling in me.

"I am not through with you yet, and am looking for material for a real enthusiastic article. Please suggest a few thoughts I could elucidate. As to invalid preachers, I have sympathy for them; but I do agree with the bishop that such difficult work as this is can not be done by sick men. It is a physical impossibility, for the work wears out well men; at least, tires them. I do not believe any difficulty will be found in getting well men who have consecration enough to come here. Why so, if missionaries for abroad to endure all kinds of privations are not lacking? I only speak of physical inability in the preacher,

and not his family. The California Conference once was so deluged with sick men that the members remonstrated. And why? Because the work suffered. The work is of paramount importance. Establish the fact that no well men will come, then I have my answer.

"Personally, I have thrown myself into work at every place I have been. Have attended all the meetings I could, helped where I could, flown my colors in every breeze in church and out of it, so really can not be accused of being an indifferent outsider. My finger has been on both the ministerial and Church pulse. I wish I were an editor, for it must be pleasant to receive a few letters a week of mild criticism."

"December 6th—*Yuma, Arizona.*—It is seven. Supper over, all work done, account balanced, and I sit in my cozy, warm room with the best feelings I have had for many long months. I speak now of mental feelings; for I am independent, and can do for myself anything I want without saying, 'By your leave.' Not that I rebel at any just re-

straint, but my experience has been that anything out of a regular routine is very hard to secure when boarding and rooming, so that one soon learns to do without rather than ask what is considered a favor. Well, I am happy and contented in my two rooms. They are both cheerful. My faith is undaunted, and it has been a long time since I had any questionings religiously. I have a calm, peaceful confidence that God's leadings are best, and if I do my duty all is well. Nothing alarms me any more. I am ready for anything, knowing all is well with me. My Bible and meditations have been some neglected in the rush of late, but I am resuming again. Some day I hope that I shall so lean on them that I can not neglect them. Just now the accumulations of years seem crystallizing, and my knowledge begins to attain recognizable shape. Vagueness is giving way to definiteness, and new power is generated in the change. Of course, I realize I am just beginning; but if the beginning of knowledge is so agreeable, what must the pursuit be? It gives

one a new sense of life when he can begin to think for himself, and to enter, in a degree, into the mature thoughts of others. I feel now as though I had stepped upon a higher plane of life. The germ having been discovered, I shall tend it carefully, doing all in my power to assist its development. What knowledge I now obtain will be of more use, because more intelligent, and an education will not be so much enforced schooling as many, I know, consider it, but the gratification of an appetite for knowledge. This is the one great solace to me about losing years of schooling. I begin to see that all things are working together for my good."

"January 24, 1898.—I never have thought of writing my religious experience for several reasons: First, so many older, steadier people can write theirs to better advantage; second, I am afraid some of it would seem cant to those I rub up against and who find me quite like themselves; third, I have not made such progress as to pose as a leader. My life is so imperfect, and the flaws make me anxious

enough to magnify by words any Christian experience as little as possible, until my actions are more in conformity. I have had so may rubs with doubts, and even now condemn myself for my lack of prayerful, studious habits of Christian life. As I have before written, my personal faith in the verities of religion is unshaken. It is in my relation to others, in wanting to teach them, that I feel so weak and lame and accomplish so little. I will think the matter over, but hardly think I could do anything with it in the near future. I want to be conscientious, and do not want to appear one whit better than I am. . . . If I come home in May, that is not far off. Now, do not worry about me. I am not worried, and I believe I will see the end of the century yet. At all events, will face towards duty. My courage is strong. I do not want to die, and do not have any presentiment of impending doom. I am planning the most vigorous onward push for health yet attempted, and it has already begun. If it is not a success, it will be because there is work

for me beyond. What a family reunion we would have—the children and I! The future has no terror for me. Thanks to Jesus, his blood is my sufficiency. I wish you would look upon the happy side—I do—and not on the earthly loss. For your and mama's sake I want to live; for my own, if I have not a work to do and strength to do it, I would not wish to be a living care for many years. Some way I feel that I must not die, and so my hope and courage never get entirely extinguished."

"February 8th.—I have this hopeful feeling myself that I can surely tide over this winter. By good weather, if I can get hold of myself, I think that I can turn something up. I feel all played out now and as though I wanted a good rest, which will do more than anything else for me. While temporarily down, there is far too much reserve vitality in me to get despondent of the outcome. It is a question of a complete change now, with something to stimulate my low-burning energies."

"February 9th.—Have no worry about me; for my case is in the hands of an all-wise Father, who will do for me what is best. If my work is not completed here, nothing can injure me until it is. When it is done, nothing can keep me here. Our knowledge is so infinitesimal that we are shut up to watching developments as indicative of God's will. Faith only can sustain us as we wait."

CHAPTER IX

Some Phases of Religious Experience and Testimony

'T is sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WILL found by experience that writing his vows was a means of deepening the impression of their significance, so he frequently thus professed his allegiance to Christ. Those here cited were written at the most crucial turning-points in his religious life:

Consecration made at Santa Cruz, Cal., November 4, 1894:

"I do fully and unreservedly consecrate my life and all its possibilities to the service of my God and Master. After months of hesitation, filled with thought, I am certain that only a consecrated life is the one fraught with

the most happiness. So I do now, Sunday evening, November 4, 1894, 10.45 o'clock, in the quiet of my room, surrender my all to thee, O God. Whether to live or die, thou knowest, and thy will be done in all things. The future is in thy hands, but the present is mine. Help me to do thy will hour by hour. Give me moral courage to confess thee before men. Above all things, help me to develop a symmetrical Christian character, that, being seen by those about me, may be a living demonstration of thy saving grace. I realize my insufficiency and utter unworthiness; but as thou hast promised, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,' I pray that thou wilt take me as I am. I believe thou dost accept me. Work through me thy will. Give me thy Spirit to guide me into new fields. My case is in thy hands, and I have confidence in thee. Amen.

"William Stockton Heacock."

Consecration made in Santa Clara, Cal., June 14, 1896:

"To-night, at nine o'clock, in my room, I

have determined in my will and with God's help to be as nothing, save as I can honor God and those around me. As I look back, I seem to have lived a selfish and self-centered life. Without denying my previous experience, it is very clear to me that there has always been a lack of real self-crucifixion that has kept me from a permanent rest in God. Only in a few past weeks have I realized my duty, and after a long struggle against the old man of sin in me I can and do say, 'I will that I should holy be.' Christ made himself of no reputation; for thus could he be most useful. How much more necessary that I should do likewise!

"If we have many masters, we will fail. If, on the other hand, Christ is supreme, how great our power for the Christ life in us! 'Not by might, nor by power, but my Spirit.' O, to be endued with the Spirit! Lord, I am fully thine in purpose. Show me any hidden sin, and it must go. I feel my weakness. Lord, reveal thy strength! Give me to know thee in thy fullness. Keep me humble.

Empty me of self. Grant thy grace through the process which must needs be humiliating. For the joys set before me strengthen me to endure hardships to self. Away with the old! A new epoch is begun, and with God's grace I 'll be a man."

Although from early childhood Will had a deep interest in the Church and was a regular and, at most times, an interested attendant, yet his deeper religious experience came about the time of leaving home in search of health. As a natural result of this, whatever occurred in the home Church was of particular interest to him. Especially did his heart yearn over the young people. Knowing the temptations to which they were exposed and the perilous ground over which they must travel, it was one of his chief concerns that they might learn all he knew of the richness of God's love and the power of his grace. In addition to making frequent inquiries as to their welfare, and sometimes sending kindly word to them, it was his custom to write, once a month, his testimony, to be read at

the devotional meetings. These which are here introduced illustrate their general trend and character. The last few months of his life he was unable to attend public worship for fear of drafts or of annoying the worshipers with his cough; so his only formal testimony to the Church was by verbal or written messages. Some of these latter testimonies as written by him are given in connection with those to the young people.

"March, 1895 — *Redlands, Cal.* — To the Christian Endeavor Society, of Santa Cruz, Cal.: At the close of another month, as I look over the past, I have great reason to be thankful. My faith has been quickened, and I have been enabled to rest more securely in God's love. As I have been compelled to drop active duties for the present, I have had much time for reflection. The thought that has been prominent in my mind has been, 'Have I been as active in soul-saving among those of my acquaintances as my opportunities and the eternal interests at stake demanded?' While I can see many opportunities have

slipped by unimproved, I rejoice that since God gave me a clean heart some months ago, I have had an interest in the salvation of souls as never before. As I have used my influence and words for Christ in particular cases, I have been gratified to see that my efforts have been owned of God in awakening interest in those whom I have tried to reach. As I have realized somewhat of the comfort of the religion of Christ and what it is to me in hope and health, I have become more deeply impressed with the obligations I am under to lead others to the source of my light. I am determined more fully than ever that my efforts shall be directed to doing what I can to bring those of my friends out of Christ to know him. If we all, who know Christ as a Savior, realized our opportunities and obligations in this respect, I think we would have more happiness in his service."

"June 30, 1895.—To the Christian Endeavor Society at Santa Cruz: I have much to be thankful for at the close of another month. With the psalmist, I exclaim, 'What

shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?' I desire to be, and am, wholly given up to Christ and ready to do anything I can to help those around me into a better life. I am trying to bring my life into conformity with my high calling in Christ. It is useless for us to try to help others into a deeper experience than our own. As Paul says in his Epistle to the Corinthians, 'Ye are our epistles, . . . read and known of all men.' So to-day the world looks to the professed followers of Christ in order to see what there is in religion. This being the case, it behooves us to see to it that not only our lips, but our lives, are influenced by the Divine transforming power. The promises are to those that *do* the will of God—not to those who merely profess. My constant prayer to God is that I may know what is his will, and then have grace and strength to do it. I rejoice in a living, saving faith. My experience in the Christian life is that with each step forward I see so much more ahead that I am anxious to keep attaining. I am very

much interested in the meetings now in progress, and I am praying that a great revival may result. Particularly am I praying that during these meetings my young friends of our society may be led into the deeper experience, where love, not law, is the controlling power in their Christian lives. Then service is a delight, and an abiding peace displaces fear and doubt."

"LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO, Oct. 11, 1897.

"*To the Pastor and Members of the Santa Clara Methodist Episcopal Church:*

"Dear Friends,—It is with great pleasure that I can respond in this manner, 'All 's well,' to my name. We sing with great gusto, 'When the roll is called up yonder, I 'll be there.' If we are faithful down here, our response there will be clear and true. Reviewing my experience for the past year—for I have had one—I can truly praise God from a full heart for the way he has led me. The Savior is very near and dear to me, and I am learning, all too slowly, what a precious companion he is willing to be, if I will but

let him have his way. This I am trying to do. My faith is broadening and expanding as I come to points where sight fails me. The faith I will not be satisfied short of is beautifully described in that grand old hymn, 'O for a faith that will not shrink!' It is especially as a burden-bearer that Christ has revealed himself to me this year. I have been enabled to leave all my anxieties and concerns with him with a sense of perfect ease and security. The calmness of mind since I have learned this great lesson has been wonderful. Then, too, it has deepened my confidence in our Lord and Savior; for the experience is so real that it is a constant stimulus to me in other ways. I am hungering and thirsting after more righteousness. I have but begun to grow aright. There is so much pruning to be done that it requires all the help I can get; but my eye is fixed ahead, and nothing short of a pure heart, a correct life, and a useful one will satisfy me. Pray for me.

"I am, in fraternal love, your brother,

"WILL S. HEACOCK."

"YUMA, ARIZONA, Dec. 26, 1897.

"Dear Fellow-Leaguers of Santa Clara,—I would add my testimony to yours at roll-call New-Year's night. God's blessings have been numerous to me during the year, and no discordant note mars the harmony of praise my soul would gladly give utterance to. Victory over the fear of man and man's great enemy, death—over disappointment of many kinds, and a steady, indwelling peace, I would particularly enumerate. For the coming year I intend to try to profit as far as I can by the failures of 1897, and to put forth my best efforts to attain to a higher Christian life and the greatest activity possible. To *be*, and then to *do*. There is a reality, a tangibility, in the genuine Christian life. I know it, and it is the great inspiration that gives color to my life. I would that a comprehension of the seriousness of life in its relation to all eternity would cause some one who hears this, and can not verify it in his own experience, to pause and ask, 'Am I prepared to meet my God?' A young man

in fine health, wealthy, prominent in business and social circles in Yuma, without warning was seized with a hemorrhage a few days since, and passed beyond in a few minutes. These incidents of the uncertainty of life are not the preacher's property, but of every-day recurrence, if our experience is wide enough to observe. A false security in building on an unknown future is a sandy foundation on which too many of us place our soul's safety, I fear. Would that our Santa Clara League might receive the baptism of fire now and make this winter a veritable harvest-time among the many young people who know not Christ and his power to save. It is possible, if it is desired; and if our religion is earnest and true, what should be desired more than to lead others to the fount of life? I stand pledged to my best work in Yuma."

The last public confession of his faith was written for the prayer-meeting. In it he said:

"'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.'

I realize the comfort and security that come from an unshaken faith in the atonement of Christ. Were my salvation dependent upon personal merit or virtues, I would stand utterly condemned; but since it is secured by the all-sufficient blood of Christ, I have no more doubt of forgiven sins than of present existence. It is a pleasure to testify to the help Christ has given me whenever I have gone to him—the Elder Brother, the Burden-bearer. I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may be faithful in living a consistent Christian life. "WILL S. HEACOCK."

"MAY 5, 1898."

CHAPTER X

Divine Healing

Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

—JAMES HERVEY.

EVERY thoughtful person who reads carefully the Scriptures and keeps abreast with the opinions of the present day has his attention more or less directed to the subject of Divine healing. The life of our Lord was so much devoted to relieving the physical conditions of the people, particularly in exercising his Divine power to heal their diseases,

that our privileges in reference to obtaining similar help for Divine healing to-day challenges careful study. Then such a controversy has arisen concerning the teachings of the Bible and of the Master himself relating to it, that it is not to be wondered at that one whose soul has become thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of Jesus, and whose bodily condition demands every possible means for its recovery, should find himself deeply interested to know the truth concerning it.

How the writer came to consider the question, he tells in his introduction. Is not the method of private devotions to which he was led worthy of imitation? Is it not true that the mind is more active and resourceful in a prayerful attitude than otherwise? Did not Jesus find in those hours of secret prayer some of the highest altitudes of his own matchless life?

"For some time I have, with some degree of success, set apart a few minutes after dinner (noon) for prayer and meditation. I have found that when I kneel and pray, a drowsi-

ness creeps over me, my thoughts wander, and there is danger of formalism in my words. It has occurred to me that I can better hold my faculties in control, and also secure more depth of thought and help by meditating and praying, pen in hand. This will rivet my attention to the devotion, and by trying to express my thoughts, feelings, and desires, I think their impress will be more durable. My mind is not yet clear as to the best course to pursue in this period, but I will largely direct it in a strictly personal way; that is, study the bearing of whatever I may be considering as it concerns my personal life."

Immediately following this entry in his journal is his discussion on the subject of Divine healing, being written on the four succeeding days.

"A subject much on my mind of late has been, 'What is the Bible attitude regarding present-day Divine healing?' I am handicapped by having no Commentaries, and but the Oxford Concordance and Faucett's 'Critical and Expository and Bible Cyclope-

dia.' So, confining myself to the English King James Version of the Bible, I will try to get the best I can on this subject for my own enlightenment. In the first place, I will look up examples of healing or refusals to heal in the Bible.

"David's first child by Bathsheba died in spite of his fasting, prayer, and isolation seven days. It was a punishment upon David for giving the Lord's enemies cause to blaspheme. (2 Sam. xii.)

"Hezekiah has fifteen years added to his life in answer to prayer; but he uses fig-poultices as a means. Three years later a son was born to him, he having previously been childless. This son, Manasseh, succeeded his father on the throne, resumes the idolatry Hezekiah had abolished, and became so wicked that the Lord prophesied Judah's destruction because the people would follow Manasseh. (2 Kings, xx.) Did the answer to Hezekiah's prayer pay?

"Coming down to the time of Christ, we find his ministry full of healings, all of which

were considered miraculous. The apostles were sent out to exercise the same power on occasions. Paul exercised it but few times; but he had an infirmity himself—possibly defective vision—for he may never have fully recovered from his blindness at conversion. Three times he prayed for its removal. Instead the Lord said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' Who can deny Paul's faith? Timothy was not well, and Paul advises wine for him, not mentioning any lack of faith in prayer as the reasons for his condition. (1 Tim. v, 23.) Paul had to leave Trophimus at Miletum sick. (2 Tim. iv, 20.) Why? What do these citations show? That in the time of the apostles sickness prevailed, and in persons of such Christian prominence, that faith could not have been wanting and the Divine method forgotten, if it was for general practice.

"In Hezekiah's case the Lord answered his prayer; but the results were such as to show how little fitted—because of our lack of omniscience—we are to presume to order our

own ways. Prayers answered (in the way we expect) are not always as kind as those answered by withholding our requests. Because we do not receive what we ask for, is no indication a deaf ear is turned to our supplications.

"Often our earthly requests are not granted by those to whom we apply; but we receive a negative answer. So with our Heavenly Father. No real prayer is unheard. Every prayer is answered, but in such a way as our Father, in his infinite wisdom, sees fit.

"James v, 14-16, is a principal base on which anti-medicine Divine healers rest their claim; though there are other passages. The elders of the Church are to pray, anoint with oil, and the Lord will raise the sick. There are so many points to be considered that it is difficult in this exercise to present them in logical order; so I shall not attempt to do so.

"The elders are to pray, thus recognizing God's power; they are to anoint with oil, which in early days was about the extent of medical practice; then the Lord will answer

the faithful prayer by recovering the sick—if it be his will, of course.

"That there is so little miraculous healing nowadays is claimed to be due to the lack of healing faith. If this be true, may it not be possible that the faith for healing may be a special gift from God, not attainable by all invalids, for very good reasons? I believe that there are some of the saintliest sufferers now living, who lack not faith, yet are not healed. It is not due to unbelief in the Savior's power, but rather, that they believe it is the Divine plan that they should suffer, for reasons that shall be hereafter made known, when the veil is removed. What else can the numerous references to suffering making perfect and the chastening of the Lord being good for us, with which the Scriptures teem, mean, if we continue to suffer needlessly when healing is at hand?

"I believe that when Adam fell, the curse entailed human suffering as a result of mortality, and that the provisions of redemption did not include freedom from the ills of the

flesh. Provision was made for the alleviation of suffering by the growing of medicinal herbs and medicinal qualities contained in minerals. Further, in Divine providence, men discovered these remedies, and, by giving their time to the study of hygiene and medicine, are gradually perfecting the science so that life is being preserved with great success. Now, to be reasonable, if man can believe in a Savior and be conscious of salvation from sin by faith, why, if it is the same Divine will of the Lord that physical suffering should be invariably cured by faith, is not that same faith prompted by the Holy Ghost (as in the former case, with the same invariable results) in the great body of faithful Christian sufferers? God is a God of truth, and can not lie; so if the body of Christian sufferers call in as true faith for healing as they do for salvation, and are not healed, is it not possible that we are putting a construction on the verses that is not intended in this day and generation for general use? No one verse in the Bible can be considered by itself, but must be taken in

connection with other verses that bear on the subject. Let us, for a few moments, consider prayer as a whole. What is it? The soul's conversation with its God. God hears prayer; for in Holy Writ, time and time again, is the thought reiterated that prayer in Christ's name will be heard and answered. 'And this is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.' (1 John v, 14, 15.) How should acceptable prayer be offered? Let me quote from Jacob Abbott, in 'The Young Christian:' 'In prayer there must be a submissive spirit. We must believe that God will do what is best, and so, many of our petitions will be denied for that reason. We must always remember, after submitting our petitions to God, that the outcome, whether just what we wanted or not, is God's will.'

"This I believe to be the ordinary type of prayer. There are times, however, when

one agonizes in prayer and wrestles, as Jacob with the angel, because the Holy Ghost (I suppose) aids him specially, and so importunate does he become that it seems he almost compels the answer. Now, we can not all do that in all cases, nor would we; and it does not seem to me that God would make a general gift conditional on such terms. Our justification and sanctification are ever available, and we have but to reach out in repentant faith to secure them. To the sincere seeker the mode is clearly shown, and the assurance always follows true acceptance. How different when we exercise faith for healing! We feel the Lord will do what is best; but we have no inward assurance that we will certainly be cured. Is this prayer of faith some mystical talisman that our blindness—for it is not perverse unbelief, as some declare—fails to see? Again I quote from the author already cited: 'By the prayer of faith is meant that prayer in which we come to God confident that he will do what, on the whole is for the best, not positive that he will

do exactly what we ask. We must offer our petitions, trusting in God, believing, as the Bible expresses it, "That he is, and that he is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek him." But after we have offered our most earnest requests we must leave the matter with him. Our tendency is to outline a course that seems good to us, and then, because it is not followed by God, to infer our prayer is not heard. We have no authority on which to do this. We must always remember that God sees all our existence, while we see but the present moment, and so what he does is for the very best. Our confidence in God that he will do the best for us is our faith.' This is in effect the teaching of Dr. W. W. Paton in his 'Prayer and its Remarkable Answers.' He specially emphasizes what I have touched on about 'prayer being inspired by the Holy Ghost,' and a 'conviction in praying that the prayer will be answered.' God nowhere abdicates his throne to man. His prerogative is to govern; and he does. Provision was made from the beginning, so that prayer could

have power with him without interfering with the course of nature. So it implies no contradiction or impossibilities. That we can in prayer demand anything arbitrarily from God, and always get it, has no Scriptural warrant. That would make us self-rulers, and bring order to chaos. So I think I have established the fact that bodily healing rests entirely with God, and can not be indiscriminately and positively claimed by all on fulfillment of certain conditions, as can redemption from sin. It is a special gift; and the verses in James have limitations.

"What do we learn from the light of general experience on the subject? We know that in the Old Testament times, and in the days of our Lord and his apostles, sickness was common. All the healing that was done was notoriously miraculous and so uncommon that this was one of the clearest attestations to Divine power. The latest mention we have in the Bible of this, I think, is when Paul, on the island of Melita, a Rome-bound prisoner, performed some cures. Only on

rare occasions in the apostles' later lives are healings mentioned. Hence we infer that the mission such events had to perform was about fulfilled. The Divinity of Christianity being vindicated, the authenticity of the messengers declared, and the Church well organized, the laws of health and sickness ordained by nature, resumed their accustomed orbit.

"What is sickness? It is the penalty demanded of the body for violation of physical law. It is no Divine infliction direct. It is an effect following a sure cause. Violation may be of ignorance, or we may suffer for others' physical misdoings; but somewhere, it will be found, some physiological law has been broken, the regularity of function disturbed, and the ensuing derangement developed into some form of sickness. This is the logical sequence that must follow in the course of nature. A possible antidote having been provided by the science of medicine, what reason have we to expect, in every case, direct Divine interference any more than in any case of misfortune of any other kind? We

find God ordinarily works through second causes. Coming down through the centuries, we still find sickness and also increasing knowledge of the body, and how disease can be curtailed and often cured. Every age has had its saints. Sickness has not left them exempt. Scholarship, Christian virtue, and prayer have for centuries besought God for cure. In most cases the answer has been as to Paul, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' 'Suffer, be patient, learn with meekness what is within your reach, and hereafter ye shall know the wherefore of suffering.' The exceptions—that is, the answers as desired—are indisputable, and show us that God does answer prayer; but why, we know no more than why not, except that it is his will. The answers can by no means be taken as a foundation upon which to build an argument that all are as possible as the few, if certain conditions are present. There is a distinction that should be noticed between having absolute, genuine faith in God, and having faith that

he will do so and so in a particular case. The former we can in a large measure develop in ourselves; the latter is from without, and no amount of claiming can be relied upon to bring it.

"I do not doubt but there are occasions when importunate prayer, properly offered, does eventually bring the desired result. My conception of God is this in this respect. Like a true earthly father, he has the interest of his children at heart. He is as ready to give always what is best when they ask for it properly as the earthly father. That by no means is to be taken that the request is always granted. Often we ask amiss: the asked-for thing would be an injury. Again, we ask in a wrong spirit, and must learn humility. Now, since God is more wise and far-seeing than our earthly parents, and no less kind, why should we think he is not as ready to help us as they? and why think he would have us worry along, always unsettled as to whether he will answer certain prayers? That God does not raise more sick people directly is, I think, because that

is his will, and the fault positively does not rest on any ground of unbelief. Tens of thousands are yearly raised to health by using agencies common sense suggests and praying for a Father's blessing on them; and though such are not considered by many as answers to prayer, who can say they are not? Dr. Buckley concisely puts the case thus: 'The Christian doctrine relating to faith and healing is this: For what thou dost wish, *work* with all thy *strength* and *pray* with all thy *faith*. If God sendeth thee success, give him the glory. If disappointment be allotted thee, give God the glory for the faith which trusts him when thou canst not trace him. Should he inspire thee with special gifts of prayer, and thy soul should feel the answer sure, presume not thereon; rather testify to thy general faith in God than to that which only thou couldst know and they who are without such gifts can not receive. In all thy prayers for physical relief make thy Savior's prayer in the garden thy model, saying, "Father, if it be possible, let this pass from me; nevertheless,

not as I will, but as thou wilt." Then will all thy prayers be answered, and faith and hope be perfect in love. If otherwise, God sooner or later will seem to desert thee, thy testimony will fail, and they that hear thee will say, "What pre-eminence hath faith over sight!" '

"It seems to me that if one gets the idea that every one can be healed by prayer, and their own faith takes the form of continual demand, and their prayer is not answered as they ask, eventually it must unsettle their foundations and shipwreck their faith; for if they are doing all they can—and God, being reasonable, promises nothing impossible—why are they not answered? I think the taking of the verses in James literally and separately is capable of causing much mental suffering, together with spiritual agony and loss, if it is not more carefully qualified than is often the case.

"God studies the heart; so a lip faith deceives him not—unless we actually realize the faith, it does not exist—and in what must be

a specially inspired faith, how can one sin if he has it not, or be liable to any just condemnation? There are a few things we can not create, much as we would like; but possibly there are indirect methods of inducing them, though, as man is accountable for only what he knows or can know, he commits no willful sin if, through ignorance, he fails.

"To sum up this rambling presentation of my views, I will state my feelings personally. I believe in God, in his omnipotence; that all things are possible to him. I believe a whole Bible, but not in the interpretation of isolated texts wrested from their evident connected context. I believe every well-authenticated cure of sickness I hear, and admit God's hand. I believe God could as easily cure sickness as sin, and as instantaneously, if he saw fit. I do not think it established either in the Bible or experience that certain physical cure is promised on following any certain conditions. If it were, in justice that conviction should be in man's heart when he earnestly seeks the

truth, as surely as is the way to salvation when one earnestly seeks for a cure for sin. It is our privilege to pray for anything, and God will hear and answer. I believe God usually answers by giving us judgment in ordering our steps, blesses legitimate means, and perhaps by working over and above them, or giving them unusual efficacy. To some he gives special gifts of prayer, and for such we can ask submissively. I frequently pray for God to overrule my sickness for the best and help me to neglect no possible means for recovery. If prayer is to be the agency, and he wants my recovery, can he not as easily impress that on my mind (always receptive, I hope) as other things that he does? Most certainly, yes. So I honestly believe in following the dictates of my judgment and common sense, which are fully consecrated; and in doing everything for myself I can, and leaving all definitely and repeatedly with God, I am fully meeting every Divine requirement, and his will must be accomplished concerning me. This life is not

all there is of activity, but only the threshold. How can we judge whether we are most needed here or yonder, save as he indicates? Should we not trust him to do what is best? To me it indicates a higher type of faith and rest in God to say: 'Lord, take me. Do for me or to me what is best. I trust thee, and would not presume to direct my life; and so I bless the hand that takes as well as gives, knowing that "no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." So, Father, make me as clay in thy hands, and I shall be satisfied.' A higher type of faith, I say, to say and live this than to always be advising God on this or that point and really teasing him, if the expression be allowed. An illustrative legend to the point: A monk planted an olive-seed. He prayed, 'Father, germinate the seed.' As the sprout appeared, he prayed for sun, then for rain, thus directing the tree's growth. But he did not know what to ask to be stayed, and a frost came and killed the tender tree. A brother monk planted his

seed. 'Father,' he prayed, 'be kind to this seed,' and left it. The seed, under a Master's guiding hand, attained maturity.

"We are safer in our Father's absolute care, I believe, than when we would require this or that insistently. If I did not think God was doing the best for me always, without my running to remind him of his duty, my confidence would indeed be small. But my faith is anchored, and I can say, 'All is well in his hands.'

> 'God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
> But thou thyself wouldst do if thou couldst see
> The end of all events as well as He.'

"Our Father, through his prophet, says, 'Come, let us reason together.' It does seem to me that any seeming general truth that is so obscure as to baffle centuries of most thoughtful truth-seekers, without being anywhere near generally accepted, can well be considered doubtful. On fundamental points the Bible speaks in no uncertain tone as to the main characteristics. Its mission is to in-

struct, not mystify. For reasons herein stated, I can not personally claim positively what I am by no means unwilling to or prejudiced against; and it is not because it would stagger my faith, but that my reading and thought and interpretation of the Scriptures convince me that the foundation for such a general faith is not well established or warranted by the facts in the case."

CHAPTER XI

Light on the Pathway

Great truths are greatly won, not found by chance,
  Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
  Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream,
And in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
  When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
  And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.
Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
  Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-plowed field,
  And the soul feels it has not wept in vain."

—Horatius Bonar.

In the spring of 1895, Will came home from a few months spent in Redlands, Cal. He seemed to have improved in health, but felt it would be better to be at home for the summer. On the return trip he contracted a severe cold, and may have overtaxed his strength, as the night before arriving at home, in Santa Cruz, he was seized with hemorrhage, which continued for two days.

This was followed by a long and serious illness. The physician despaired of recovery, as symptoms of breaking down were manifest. Improvement was slow and the outcome uncertain.

While convalescing, he replied to a letter from his cousin, who had made some inquiries about the Christian life. As he was intently writing, his mother said to him, "What are you writing, and why weary yourself?" He said: "Mama, I had a letter from Cousin M——, and she is seeking light in her religious life. I feel I must write her at once some of my experience. It may help her." The letter which follows is the one written at that time:

"Santa Cruz, Cal., May 18, 1895.

"The importance of living a Christian life has been so pressed upon me in the past few months that I have been trying to lead others into the way that has proved such a happy one for me. I do pray that my weak words may help you out into the light that I feel

you are sincerely seeking. To one who a month ago was active and with bright prospects, the change has been a hard one. Yet I have tried to take all that comes for the best and with patience.

"Just when I felt life to be a grand field for usefulness, and when I had really begun to live with a purpose, to be stricken down has been a sore trial to my faith; but I rejoice that I have gained the victory, and can now feel that God is good and does for us what is best. I do not know how near I am to eternity; but as far as earthly help goes, there is little I can expect. Seven months ago I placed myself in the hands of God unconditionally, and since then I have lived as consistent a life as I knew how, so I feel perfectly safe to go if God sees fit to call me. While I am prepared to go, I have such a desire to stay and carry out my plans of Christian activity.

"So the matter stands. My prayer is, 'Thy will be done.' I hardly know how to help you, but will do the best I can to tell you how I

came into the light. The best single aids I found were the Bible and the 'Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.' The latter book is so clear that if you follow its directions you can not fail to get needed help. It is reasonable, and you can feel your way clear on all points.

"Now, in the first place, in my experience I gained my most signal triumph when I fully decided in myself that I was really so in earnest for religion that I was willing to do anything to get it. My principal impediment was my will. Yes, I had often desired to be a Christian, but usually I made some internal reservation. Now, the Spirit of God can not work in us until we are fully given up to him. We must come to Christ, resolved to serve him, and him only. Lack of this resolution, I believe, is the cause of much failure in the Christian life. We want to serve God in a general way, reserving the right to decide some things for ourselves. I found that when I got to the point where I really felt and said, 'Yes, I will do anything for Christ, regardless of self,' I was on the right road to find Christian happi-

ness. When I settled in my mind that I wanted, above everything else, to be a Christian, I decided to make a business proposition of it. So I sat down and thoughtfully wrote out a full consecration, dated and signed it, and then, on my knees, repeated it. [See Chapter IX, consecration made at Santa Cruz, California, November 4, 1894.] From this moment I date my genuine Christian life. I had no feeling except a relief that I had at last settled the matter, as far as my consecration was concerned. Now I had complied with the Scriptural invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' in that I had come to Christ. All that remained for me to do was to have faith that God, for Christ's sake, would receive me. I pinned my faith, which is simple belief, steadfast and unwavering, in God and his promises to the promise, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' I had come penitent and full of my need to Christ. Having complied with the conditions required, I believed I was accepted. This

without feeling. Now, all that was left for me to do was to trust Him to whom I had given myself to guide and keep me. His way of guiding us is through the teachings of the Bible, our conscience, our better impulses, and influences about us.

"As I started out on my Christian way, I laid down several rules: One to study the Bible; another to pray. Immediately I found things in my life inconsistent with my calling; so, with Divine help, I gave them up. A study of the Bible showed me duties, and these I endeavored to follow. While making these changes, I asked continually for help, and, although it came imperceptibly, it came, because I was enabled to do things I had often tried before sincerely to do in my own strength and failed. One of the principal Christian duties is confession, or testifying to others of our faith. While yet I had no feeling, except a desire to do right, I began to testify publicly, and in correspondence, of my faith in Christ and my determination to live a Christian life. As the days passed and I

studied the Bible and prayed God to lead me into a right life, I began to feel a new strength and a growing interest in things religious. And so, inside of a month, by living up to my light and trusting and believing God's promises, I was conscious that I was saved. This consciousness grew on me, and although I have since been troubled on minor points, I have never doubted the reality of my salvation.

"With this new power within (I can assure you that Christ dwelling in us is a power), I found religious things growing in interest and my better impulses coming to the front. My ideas of life were undergoing a change, and I found myself remodeling it. About six weeks from the time I started in this new way, an eight-day revival service, conducted by Evangelist Joseph Smith, was held in Redlands. I was unable to attend the night services, but was a regular attendant at all day services. The object of the afternoon meetings was to lead Christians out into the experience of sanctification. This is an experi-

ence where saved people, by renewed and complete consecration and enlarged faith, through the Holy Ghost, are released from the power of sin, as described in Romans vi. We know how it is that many Christian lives are continual conflicts with sin indwelling: sometimes up, then down. When by faith we are sanctified, or given clean hearts, we gain a victory over sin; and as long as we keep this blessing we are delivered from the power of sin. Now, I hardly feel I am making myself clear to you. Having had the benefit of unusual religious training, these terms are all familiar to me, but perhaps not so to you. If you have a Methodist Catechism and a dictionary handy, they will throw light on these technical terms.

"I can explain a little: The Bible teaches two states possible to humanity. The first is justification, or consciousness of salvation; the second is sanctification, or a state of holiness. The first state is the one all persons must and do experience to be saved. The second is optional, but none the less obliga-

tory, if we are seeking the highest Christian attainment. We know how it is that so many Christians who really have been converted are continually struggling with sin, and are often vanquished for the time being; and we also see serene, stable Christians, ever victors over sin. The difference is in the degree of experience attained. Both of these experiences are in the reach of all, and are clearly outlined and authenticated in Scriptures; but so few, comparatively, attain the latter, because they are not willing to comply with the terms: All for Christ. Our humanity does so want to make provisions for the flesh and fleshly pursuits. Then again, we are so apt to limit God's power, and question his ability to keep us poor mortals from the power of sin. Sin is from the devil; and if we deny God's power to keep us from sin, we admit the superiority of Satan over God. Entire sanctification is nothing more nor less than God's giving us new hearts, which are not full of sin, with a tendency to sin, but the opposite: filled with his love as long as we keep them pure. With

his help we can gain continual victory over sin, until it becomes ineffectual. By carefully reading and studying on sanctification until I understood about it, I came to the conclusion that it was within reach. So I publicly sought it as an immediate work; but it was at home, alone in prayer, that I found it, a few hours after my public seeking at the altar. As I prayed, believing that God would give me a new heart (for unless we believe we do have our prayers answered, they are as idle words), I suddenly realized a feeling of great happiness, and I knew my prayer was *then* answered. I was so filled with joy that for an hour I poured forth my voice in songs; for I was alone and could disturb no one. From that time I was a new creature in Christ.

"Things that before were a source of temptation became distasteful. From this time my tastes and desires underwent an actual change. Religion was no longer an effort or a restraint, but became my chief joy, and has continued so. Since this time, last December, I have been able to live a thoroughly consistent life.

My mind at this time led me to turn toward the ministry as a future work, and I then recorded my determination to become a preacher if my life were spared. I have been unable to keep my experience to myself, and, although separated from my friends, I have by correspondence been trying to lead a few of my intimates into this happiness. From my experience I can assure you that religion is a fact; for I was skeptical enough to require a genuine experience to demonstrate that to me. I mean, I was previously skeptical; but when I resolved to find out what there is in a personal religion, I followed directions implicitly, for God will not show us anything if we harbor doubts. Since gaining my knowledge of a personal Savior, I have had no desire to turn to my former estate. Such has been my experience that I have enjoyed and testified to. Of course, I have been far from perfection these past months, and have made mistakes and omitted duties and the like; but when I have found myself thus, I have confessed my sins and been restored to my former

condition. 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

"Now, I do n't want you to take it that my life has been an ecstasy of joy and emotional feeling since I came into my experience; for such has not been the case. I have had some ecstatic moments, but most of the time I have had to go along without feeling other than a calm peace that has assured me. When we look to God for guidance, I think, he works out his will in us by the commonest means. He works through ordinary circumstances, so that we do n't see his leadings, except in special cases. But he has promised to guide us, and we know that he does; so here is a place to exercise faith. When we give ourselves truly to him, and leave ourselves in his hands, he guides us every moment. By using our best common sense, a God-given gift, and doing the best we know, leaving the rest in faith to God, he carries out his will in us. That will is hard for us to bear often. When, for instance, we are cut down on the verge of

usefulness, it takes faith, and lots of it, to recognize God's hand. But we are assured 'that all things work together for good to them that love God;' so we must thankfully believe that he is doing best."

"May 22d.—Along this point, and others that are not perfectly clear to us, we find occasion to doubt. For two weeks after my arrival home, when I was taken down so seriously and so unexpectedly, I found it hard to find God's goodness in my affliction. But as I have considered and thought and meditated on his promises, the way has cleared up, and now I joyfully accept all that comes as best.

"I will try to sum up clearly in a few thoughts that may aid you, taking my thread from your letter. Your great desire for peace in Christ and searching for it overcomes a principal obstacle. When we get in earnest about our soul's salvation, and try to find the way, if we persevere, success is absolutely guaranteed. I think perhaps your difficulty lies in not knowing how to obtain eternal life.

I think the book I previously recommended will outline so clearly that you may have no doubt. Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' is another book that has helped me, as I have been again reading it this week. It points out so many errors we may fall into unless we are guarded. I think a careful and prayerful study of these books, acting *immediately* on their suggestions, can not fail to bring you into clear light. Reading the Bible is very necessary; for the books I have suggested are based upon it. The Psalms and New Testament are particularly helpful. Matthew v, vi, vii; the whole of John, especially; Romans iii, iv, v, vi, viii, x; 1 Corinthians xiii; 2 Corinthians v; Galatians iii; Ephesians, Hebrews, 1 Peter i; 1 John, and Revelation xxii, have aided me much and thrown light on the way. If we are going to be intelligent Christians, we must gain our knowledge as all scholars do, by study. Regarding the 'change of heart' that is referred to in John iii, where Christ and Nicodemus talk, 'Ye must be born again,' means the new birth. That is Christ's

work. In my letter I have dealt most with our part of the work. When we come to Christ in penitence, he accepts us, and we him by faith. Then, as we exert our faith and trust, when he finds we are in earnest, in his good time he will seal us in an unmistakable manner.

"Yet we must remember he never works twice in the same manner. Sometimes people at their conversion experience this great work, while others plod steadily on for months without any witness. God does not promise special experiences, but he often gives them. Our religious life can not be gauged by our emotional experience. The trouble with us too often is that we measure our religious status by our feelings. God says, 'The just shall live by faith,' thus indicating the essential of Christianity. To resolve what real religion is into its simplest form, I should say this: We feel that we are naturally prone to do wrong, that we hope for a hereafter, and that a God, as taught in the Bible, appeals to us as a solution of our natural weakness.

Feeling our unworthiness and sinfulness, we come penitently confessing our sins, and become suppliants to God for pardon, pleading Christ's atonement. Now we have come to Christ, and here we are met by his promises of acceptance to all who come in sincerity to him. We must now believe that he accepts us, even against feeling. We now recognize a new administrator in our lives, and count ourselves his soldiers. We take his Word as real and to us, and by prayer make known our wants to him.

"We now believe we are his; so we use our trust in depending on him to lead us. This he does through our best judgment, circumstances, etc. We can now count ourselves as followers of Christ. As we find things suggested as wrong, we must drop them, trying to conform ourselves to Christ's life. As we find opportunities to do good, we must embrace them. Having come thus far, as we keep looking to Christ for aid, we will begin to feel his help. It may come as a calm, quieting influence, bringing peace, or in different

ways; but if our faith is strong, we will in time have the witness. That must not worry us; for our salvation is not conditional on our feelings, but on our faith. Always remember that. In 1 John iii, 18-21, we are told how we can know whether we are right towards God. It is: 'My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him. For if our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then we have confidence towards God.' So after we have complied with the Bible conditions as I have spoken of them, when we get to where our hearts condemn us not, providing we have tender hearts, we can rest assured that we are saved.

"When saved, we must live each day carefully; for we can not get salvation enough at once to carry us through any period. Each day requires new help and also our best living to maintain what we have got and add a little

more to it. 'Progress' is the slogan of real religion. How can I advance my own spiritual life and aid some one else materially or spiritually? is its constant inquiry.

"When we get religion, we do not always get the path of roses. You know the Word says, 'Strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it.' Not that it is difficult, but because of the self-sacrifice it often brings. When one enters the Christian life, self and selfish impulses are renounced. Often we are brought into positions where things must be done that are opposed to self-interest, and there is no choice, if one is fully consecrated. 'If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.' Moral courage in backing up our religious stand is a necessity.

"Now I have shown various phases of the subject, I will, for a moment, turn to the reward (1 Timothy iv, 8): 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.'

What more can we want? Happiness and usefulness in this life and a certainty of eternal life. No other system than Christianity assures this. In conclusion, we must never try to argue or reason away the supernatural in religion. We can understand somewhat of its mysteries, but more we must accept by faith. God's ways are too deep to be comprehended in their fullness by our finite understanding. Enough, however, is plain to make us certain of our standing. Since we do n't question these things, and have a yearning for their fulfillment in us, let me counsel you to comply with the conditions I have indicated and trust God to show you the rest. Then, as you look into those helps I suggest, the way will unfold. When we are in the way we can see clearly things that from the outside seemed so vague. The Holy Spirit is the best instructor in things divine, and he promises to aid the inquiring mind.

"In seeking light, let me advise you to go to those who have the closest walk with God. Those whose lives are consistent with their

profession, and who have been longest in the way *actively*, are most competent to give valuable help. Just as in business, we count experienced men's opinions of most value. I send you these well-meant, if feeble, words, hoping that, with the aid of the Spirit, they may help you. I think another common difficulty is that we want to know the whole way clearly in our minds before we take any step. This is a stumbling-block of no mean importance; for it is a life work to clearly understand all religious points; and some we can never see until we make the venture. Procrastination is a serious mistake. 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' 'To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.' We are sure only of the present, and that only instant by instant.

"I believe all I have written because I know of its truth. May God help you to see the simplicity of the plan of salvation and accept fully all the conditions implied, that you may have peace of mind now and a hope of life eternal hereafter!"

CHAPTER XII

Final Triumph

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels."—REV. III, 5.

DURING the last days of suffering, Will verified in his experience the truth of this passage of Scripture, "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

His years of self-denying struggle could have but one outcome: triumph over the last great enemy. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory."

When it seemed no longer profitable for him to remain at Yuma, his plans were quite unsettled. At this time—early in February, 1898—his father went to see him, that they

might counsel together as to the next change. Redlands, San Diego, Pasadena, and other points, were duly considered. During a brief stay at Redlands, he writes in his diary of February 14th: "Slept well until 1.30. Then got to thinking, weighing future. Decided to go home, as I need care, and the risk seems no more than here. Papa came in at 4.30 A. M. I told him my thought. He had come to the same conclusion."

As a result, the next day they were en route for Santa Clara. Coming through some of the most interesting parts of the country, he would stand on the platform of the car, gazing with intense interest and admiration on what had charmed him on previous visits. Occasionally he would say, "I must take a good, long look at these; for it will be a long time before I shall see them again." Perfect rest now seemed to be his greatest need, and he was surprised that under such favorable circumstances the weariness did not leave him and that the power to read, write, think, and converse was so slow in coming back. Again

and again his whole nature seemed massing its forces under the sway of his almost unconquerable will for the expected improvement. His attention was much on what kinds of food would increase his strength and give the most vitality.

A little over three months of life was accorded him, where no outside cares pressed upon his weakening body. After about a month of rest his mind again took up the study of the most favorable conditions for recovery. Even a tour of "roughing it" was planned as a final appeal to nature, and the strength of an iron will was summoned to master disease. He felt he could not meet the just requirements of the Creator if he should fail to use one single resource within his grasp. Not that fear moved him; for to this he was a stranger. But he could hardly understand how such convictions of a high and holy calling, together with such an intense desire and purpose, as he felt to measure up to life's highest possibilities, could be realized and consistent with an early summons

to depart. This tested his faith to its utmost limit.

Plans for doing many things on his arrival at home were not carried out for lack of strength. He still felt that the outcome of his struggle would be victory, and so husbanded all his powers, that they might work under best conditions.

Interest in the outside world did not diminish; but a glow of enthusiasm kept pace with the ever-widening scope of vision. Naturally very fond of company, when weakness increased, he cared to see only his most intimate friends, the tax of others being more than he could bear. Sometimes for days he spoke but little even to the home folks, but said it was so good to know they were about, even if he did not say much. It was such a luxury just to be at home. In order to divert his mind from the constant pressure of serious thoughts, he read several books in which the humorous predominated.

The spring was rather backward and cold, keeping him indoors more than was expected.

This was the main reason for not undertaking another tour, especially to test the value of a trip by wagon with a genial companion. This had long been in his thought, but never put into practice. Often in conversation as to his religious state he would give some very positive and cheering utterance, such as: "While my emotions are not very much stirred and I do not keep up to my standard as I would like, I have no more doubt of my acceptance with God than of my existence. I am safe, whatever may come, and you need never worry about me."

He was studying the itinerant system of the ministry with profound interest, believing it to be of God, but that it needed careful administration. The modifications going on in the usages of the Church on this point called forth some solicitude. But with it all there was no pessimism, though his bodily weakness caused depression, which was warded off by strong faith in God and a large intelligence on the subject.

Several times during these months the fu-

ture of his parents was a subject of earnest thought and conversation. While not mentioning it, yet it was manifest he realized how lonely his absence would make them. Many very wise and helpful suggestions were brought out in these hours of close heart-to-heart converse.

One evening, within a month of his departure, he had a strange feeling of faintness, and for the first time was apprehensive his end was near. While very desirous to know and do what was best, he was not excited, but calm and resigned.

His bedroom was upstairs, and for several nights he would lean on his father to support him in going up. Resting at the top, he would express gratitude for another safe arrival. Having been accustomed for so long to care for himself, he would allow no one to do for him anything he could possibly do for himself. Everything for the night would be adjusted with exquisite exactness and care, providing for any emergency. He often chided himself for being so lazy, as he would

call it, when it was pure weakness. Frequently in his diary he mentioned how worthless he seemed, and hoped soon to be able to do something for himself in the world. Such entries as these occur at this time:

"Broken night's rest. This afternoon lay around. Bed at 10.30; for papa and I had a long talk over what is best to do. Seems best to stay at home and readjust things so I can do so with benefit."

"The doctor put me on a boiled-milk diet, beginning at noon. Began using a little stimulant this evening, as strength is low."

"March 25th.—Eyes were rebellious to-day; so I did nothing but lie around and doze."

"April 4th.—Lay around all day. Read in Fletcher's 'Life.' "

He spent a few days up at Skyland, on the Santa Cruz Mountains, at a sanitarium; but the intense heat drove him home.

"April 10th—*Skyland, near Santa Cruz.*—Have had an easy afternoon. Mind in a stupor, and did no reading or thinking to amount to anything to-day. My mind is clear and at

ease, and I feel no anxiety regarding the future. While not feeling deeply religious, there is a calm quiet that makes me sure the anchor is on hard bottom. My hope is in Christ's atoning blood. When I read Fletcher's 'Life,' and see how he agonized lest he fail to be saved, it makes me feel that there is too much self-sufficiency in my experience and not sufficient depth. I pray God to keep me from any false conceit. Truly a quiet Easter."

From there he wrote his sister: "April 10th.—Pray, hope, wait, is all we can do. I do so enjoy the mountains! Though I do not walk much, except in the yard, yet from where I sit I have such a changing panorama. There is an inspiration in it that one does not get from lower levels. . . . Am glad you can be busy; for it is so much better for you than it is to be around us invalids. We miss you; but I am afraid we would pull you down more than you could build us up. Am building all sorts of air-castles for summer, and hope all will not be blown over."

The heat of the mountains being intense,

and no improvement coming from the change, he returned home in about two weeks.

"April 10, 1898—*Santa Cruz Mountains.*—I do love these mountains! They are so restful. Just to sit and look at them is an inspiration. Weather is real summery. Heavy fog at Santa Cruz, but not a bit here. Air heavy and hazy down there, while up here it is balmy and pleasant. The Lord keeps me in peace and quiet; and as I get more rested I can look at his providences and dealings more rationally. How kind he is, and how glorious the hope he inspires in us for this life and the one to come! I never have so completely given myself over to rest as now, and I really enjoy the relief it brings tired nature."

"April 15th—*Santa Clara.*—Glad to be comfortable and at home again."

"April 22d.—Would that I were stronger, that I might be up and doing more! It seems like waste to rest the way I do; but I seem shut up to it."

"April 27th.—Had planned to go to Santa

Cruz and see Dr. B——. Felt very weak, and after talking it over with papa thought it best not to go."

On the 29th: "Woke at 11 last night, and till 3.30 did not sleep a wink. Then called papa. He read to me, but in vain; so at 4, pa put out the light, and I got a doze before 6. Mrs. O—— called, but I was too tired to go out riding. Doctor came and changed medicine. Afternoon, up in room, but seemed low-spirited, as though were near death. Prayed and got relief. Papa and I had a good talk this evening. I am going to get nearer to God with his help, and work earnestly for him. I realize that I am fighting against strong odds; but, God helping me, I 'll fight to the last, with my eyes wide open."

"May 5th.—Wish I could get mind off of self. Will make it a subject of prayer; for I know it would be better."

"May 9th.—Do not understand new symptoms. Have no anxiety, only am restless at not being able to do more for myself."

"May 10th.—Still indisposed to much ex-

ercise. Spent a very quiet day. Swelling in limbs and knees increasing. Read considerable to-day, but inaction made me sleepy and dull. This dropsy I do not understand the significance of. Have no anxiety, only am restless at not being able to do more for myself."

"May 11th.—Had quite a talk with papa this afternoon as to how to make the most of everything. It was profitable."

In a letter to his sister, under date of May 12th, he writes: "Personally, I move along hopefully from day to day. My worst trouble is weakness. I have had to give up to my comparative helplessness, but live in hopes that, with more favorable weather and surroundings, I will regain a measure of health. Must close now, for I have been active enough for one day. We will keep you posted on everything, so do not worry; all is safe with the dear Jesus, to whose care you so lovingly commended me when you went away."

A week later, May 19th: "We count your remaining weeks as they glide by, and July

1st is not so far away. Don't try to come down Memorial Day unless you really think best, for the trip is a hard one for such a short time, and you can recreate better up there. By two weeks, with less foggy weather, I hope to report myself much better. I am in this race for a fight, and, unless unforeseen things occur, there is considerable of it remaining in me. I must journalize and quiet down before bedtime, so must close. Will write soon again. Getting at writing is really the hardest part. Lack of energy is my great enemy now that I have to fight. Be good to yourself, and keep happy."

"May 22d.—Spent morning in the tent, as I found it real pleasant. Read in a very helpful book on the Holy Spirit, that papa had brought from the city some time ago."

"May 27th.—I accomplish so little these days. The time glides away while I am getting ready to begin to do a thing."

"May 30th.—The doctor called. We had a very free talk, and from him I gained that my case is beyond medical aid, save to gain

relief by palliatives. Am glad I know the truth, and am not cast down; for, with favoring Providence, my days may be numerous yet. Certain it is that I will live until my work is done, and one has no desire to live longer. My anchor holds to Christ Jesus as my Savior."

The last entry in his diary, in pencil:

"June 10th.—In interval since last writing have weakened very much. Moved downstairs Wednesday into a single bed in sitting-room, thus avoiding climbing stairs, which I found too difficult and tiresome. It also facilitates nursing, and keeps me in touch with family life. I get up part of the day. Am resigned to the inevitable, and have my faith grounded in Christ; so the future has no terror, though one naturally looks forward with great interest to the comparatively unknown. Expect L—— [his sister] down to-morrow for visit of a day or two at my request. Will write as strength permits. Am endeavoring to get my things in shape, a job not very hard, but one my languor has long deferred."

Extracts from some letters to friends written by dictation, at his request, after too weak to write himself:

"June 19th.—It pays to have a good grip on religion in such times as I am now passing through. There seems but little between me and the end, for my strength is about gone. I have done all I can, so feel satisfied. Of course, while all naturally prefer living out our threescore and ten, it is not always given us so to do. My faith in the future and the personal Savior is such that I face the inevitable unfalteringly. I trust that you, too, know the comfort there is in such assurance."

As the days went by, the relaxing of hold on life was gradual, and not without a feeling of regret at the disabilities which he could hardly understand were the omens of decaying physical powers and the natural outcome of disease. The industrious habits of life had become so fixed that they gave way with marked reluctance. At his request, the holy communion was administered a few days before the close. A few friends gathered with the

family, while his father conducted the service. Though weak, he devoutly partook of the sacred elements, and was refreshed in spirit. Memory of the Lord's sufferings, blended with the promise of his coming and the hope of reunion with loved ones, added sweetness to the sacred moments. A few days more, and he was with Him whom, though he had not seen, he loved, and in whom he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

His last night on earth was a peculiarly fitting one. It had been the habit of his father to watch with him the first portion, and others the latter. He slept pretty well until about three in the morning. Then, awaking and taking some food, and having a bath, he said he was feeling so much better. He said he thought he would rally and last for some weeks, and it might be as well for his sister, who had come to stay with him for a few days, to go back to her work, and come later on, as he would probably need her worse then. His mother had just come downstairs to take her place as watcher. His mind was unusually

clear and bright. He seemed almost inspired. The conversation of the hour that followed was an inspiration. He gave wise counsel to his parents for their future course, talked with the utmost freedom of his prospects, and said he should soon be at home. With startling suggestiveness, he asked what messages they had to send. The very gates of heaven seemed opening, and he seemed to breathe the air of that lovely country. The memory of that hour is ineffaceable. After daylight he rested a little, but ate no breakfast. About eight o'clock his eyes seemed to look into futurity, and not again did they observe any earthly thing, nor did another word escape his lips except, as his father said to him, "Are you trusting Jesus now?" To which he said, in clear tones, "O yes, perfectly."

These were his last words, and by noon, June 23, 1898, the spirit had gone. With calm composure and accustomed thoughtfulness, he had made all final arrangements about his funeral. It was his express wish that everything connected with it should be simple, and

that no eulogy should be pronounced. He desired, also, that Dr. F. F. Jewell, a dear friend of the family, should officiate.

The services were held in the Santa Clara Methodist Episcopal Church on the morning of June 25th. Dr. Jewell spoke from the text, "And entering into the sepulcher, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long, white garment," the theme being "The Power and Possibilities of Young Manhood."

His body rests in the beautiful Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, awaiting the glorious transformation of the resurrection morn.

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